

FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN



By

ISABEL ANDERSON

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From Corsair to Riffian



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A RIFFIAN

FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN

BY
ISABEL ANDERSON, LITT.D.

With Illustrations



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Dedicated with Best Wishes to
COUNT ALDEBERT DE CHAMBRUN
in Command at Fez

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INTRODUCTION

WE motored two months and longer through Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, travelling rapidly and covering more ground than the average person does. While tourists have stopped at Tangier and Algiers for many years, only within the last few years has it been possible to penetrate with any sort of comfort into the interior of Morocco, or to take the trip across the desert from Tozeur, Tunisia, to Touggourt, Algeria, in a six-wheeled Renault desert motor. Much depends on the amount of time and money you wish to spend in this part of the world and what interests you most. There is a great variety of things to choose from — excavations, Roman and Moorish ruins, mountain scenery, desert trips, Moslem holy cities, and Sultans' gardens and palaces. The places which are really very well worth seeing are Fez and Tunis, and, for ruins, El-Djem and Timgad.

March and April are the best months, or else the early autumn, for the winters are cold and rainy, the summers hot and dusty. The princi-

pal hotels open in November and close early in May, but many remain open all the year. The largest and best steamers stop only at Algiers and this is quite the pleasantest place to stay for any length of time. Most of the hotels throughout Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia are run by the Transatlantic Company, and through their agency you can travel by motor bus, or with other people, or by yourselves, in motors accompanied by chauffeur and guide.

We made our arrangements with Raymond & Whitcomb for two motors and a guide, for we wished to be quite independent and come and go as we pleased. A party of four with light luggage, two motors, and a guide, I believe to be the best way. If one motor breaks down, there is always the other to help, and the distances between stations are great with no places to stop in between. We travelled about one hundred and fifty miles a day on the average and made many one-night stops. The beds and the food were good almost everywhere, though of course some hotels and camps were better than others.

When the stopping-places are finally arranged, it is difficult to make any change in your plans

because the small hotels are crowded. If you cannot spend a great deal of time and money, and wish to limit your sight-seeing to the beautiful snowy mountains, the blue sea, the curving coast, a glimpse of the desert, one or two of the Roman ruins, then make Algiers your headquarters. From this city some of the trips may be made by train.

One of the drawbacks which still exists is that only small steamers go to Tangier, Casa Blanca, Oran, and Tunis. If you do not object to a small boat, and you have only three weeks or so in all and wish to see the results of French colonization, embark on a steamer from Bordeaux, France, to Casa Blanca in Morocco. There hire a motor, take a look at Marrakesh on the edge of the desert, and at Rabat, visit Meknes with its Moorish ruins, Volubilis with its Roman excavations, the holy city of Moulay Idris, and last of all, Fez. Then, returning, take the steamer again at Casa Blanca, or, if you feel adventurous, fly back to France in twenty-four hours, or go by airplane to Oran in Algeria. Here you can make train connections to the city of Algiers and embark on a steamer for Europe.

There is still another choice. You may, perhaps to even better advantage, continue all the way from Fez by motor through the Corridor, as the long mountain valley is called, on to Algiers or Tunis. The through trains are not yet running in Morocco. There are busses from town to town and, part of the way, narrow-gauge railways, but the trains of these roads are filled with natives or soldiers. Even the Transatlantic busses, which run through Morocco, are crowded and do not always provide very pleasant traveling.

Part of the way from Tangier to Rabat there is only a trail. It is possible to motor from Tangier, and a bus has been running, though this was stopped when the fighting began between the Riffians and the Spaniards and before the French began operations against the Riffs. Now that it has become sufficiently safe once more the bus probably is available, but a private motor with a guide and a chauffeur is even better.

Another good trip for three weeks or so would be to land at Tunis, go south, stop at Sousse, Kairouan, the holy city, and Sfax. Take the desert motor, if you want a real adventure, drive over

the moving sand dunes and see the desert at its best from Tozeur to Touggourt. You will also have a glimpse of Biskra and the ruins of Timgad, and other unique places of interest, and at the end of the trip you may take a steamer at Algiers.

A closed car is best on account of the sun as well as the rain. The question of luggage must be considered. Only dress-suit cases may be taken on the motors: trunks shipped by train are liable to be delayed or lost, since there are customs houses between these various French possessions. For women I would suggest two day dresses and one evening gown, a small hat with a brim, a veil, walking shoes, umbrella, and, above everything else, a warm coat, for the days are often cold. Take little or no jewelry. You can buy almost anything at Algiers, but elsewhere, save perhaps at Casa Blanca or Tunis, nothing much. A knife, fork, and spoon, together with a thermos bottle, may be taken for picnicking, but the hotels will put up lunches. For food you may have mutton, chicken, eggs, cheese, fruit, and wine.

I certainly advise taking a few simple remedies along. When the sun goes down, one is apt

to catch cold. There is much malaria, so quinine occasionally with your meals is a good preventive. Foreigners sometimes contract dysentery, so it is wise not to drink either milk or water unless it is boiled. It is even wise not to take salads. The native red and white wines are excellent. In case of a cut, it is well to have iodine and a bandage, because the dust and dirt are so prevalent that infection is more than likely. An eye wash too is necessary because of the dust and because various contagious diseases of the eyes are so frequent in North Africa. My medicine bag was nearly empty and the trip about over when an American whom we met was very grateful for Dobell's solution for his sore throat, and some aspirin and a mustard plaster. Even Jamaica ginger was asked for. Most French remedies can be bought at Algiers before starting, and there is a good hospital there besides.

There were a few things I wanted to know, and as you may not know them either, my telling you may save your asking questions.

Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco differ in administration. Algeria is a department of France, sends representatives to Paris and has a Civil Gov-

ernor — Mr. Steeg, now in Morocco, was Governor when we were there. The French have occupied the territory of Algeria for about eighty years. Tunisia was a vassal state of the Porte up to as recent a time as 1881, when a French protectorate was proclaimed. Tunisia has a Bey, but is also under a Civil French Governor who lives at Tunis. Morocco has a Sultan, but nevertheless is under the rule of a Resident General who resides at Rabat.

As I travelled along I constantly saw or heard foreign words and wondered what they meant. *Sidi*, prefixed to the name of a person, means 'sir,' or 'honorable,' and also 'he who knows how to read and write.' The word *el* means 'the'; the word *bled*, 'country' or 'desert,' and the word *oued*, 'river.' As for names of people, there is great repetition — Mohammeds and Alis innumerable.

The tribes and their costumes I also found puzzling and somewhat difficult to understand. To begin with, when the Arabs overflowed this land, they found Berbers here. These intermarried somewhat with the invading race and adopted Mohammedanism. Many of the Ber-

bers still live to-day in the mountain districts of Morocco. The Kabyles are also Berbers and live in the mountain districts of Algeria. The mountain people generally wear the burnoose and the turban, but often don the red fez without the white head-dress in the cities. The costumes vary even in different towns, according to the local fashion, and so do the dresses of the women. Even the Jews wear the turban in some places. Women's veils are worn one way in one locality and differently in another. In Tunis they were black, while the outer costumes were white. In Constantine it was just the reverse. Bedouin women of the desert went unveiled, and also the Kabyle wives of the mountains, and both Kabyle and Bedouin women had costumes of black and red. The very poor Berber women of Morocco, who had to work, had no veils. The OuLéd Nails, or the *filles de joie*, went unveiled also. They are found about Biskra, a curious set of women who live for a while as prostitutes and are said to accumulate their *dot* by their earnings, but only marry one of their own tribe.

None of the native girls are sent to school. In the native schools for boys nothing is taught

except the Koran. In the government schools, French is taught. The Arabs and the Berbers speak different languages.

Statistics given out by the agent of the Transatlantic, in order to show the increase of American travel into North Africa, state that in 1923 and 1924 there had been one hundred and fifty Americans making the circuit in their cars, and in 1924 and 1925 some three hundred and fifty. This part of the world, especially Morocco, is worth seeing before it changes. If you are planning a trip, try it.

FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN

CHAPTER I

The Lair of the Corsair

As you gaze at Algiers from the steamer it resembles a pearl set in emeralds, a white city with snow-tipped mountains looming in the distance. Flat roofs climb a steep hill, while the green and cultivated land curves around and forms a huge crescent that dips into the crystal sea. At the summit rests the Kasbah, or military fortress, once the palace of the Deys, but now a French garrison. The Arab quarter slopes down from that to the Admiralty on the little harbor. This fortification, with its old, deep sea walls and prison-like gates and windows, was once the Penon, the stronghold and palace of the Chiefs of the Corsairs, their actual lair, where centuries ago the Barbarossa brothers lived.

Our steamer manœuvred into the narrow limits behind the breakwater and was tied up to the

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quay, as is the manner in the Mediterranean ports, so the passengers could walk ashore. On the dock, Monsieur Baptiste, of the Raymond & Whitcomb Company, met us with welcoming words and a huge bouquet. He was to be our courier — a stout but active Frenchman, well-informed about the people and the country, and with very nice manners. He had lived in the United States, but returned to France in 1914 to fight, and had been one of the 'Blue Devils.' After being badly wounded, he had served as a sort of liaison officer and interpreter between the French and American commands.

Two good-looking motors were waiting for us, so we went ashore and without delay were driven uphill through the enchanting city to the Saint George Hotel, in a locality called Mustapha Supérieur. It once was a Moorish palace with carved woodwork, and gay yellow and blue tiles and plaster in *mauresque* designs.

The city appeared quite lively and cosmopolitan, and full of color. There were buildings in the European style, several stories high, shops very up-to-date, tram-cars and motors rushing through the boulevards, while along the side-



THE CORSAIR'S HARBOR AS IT IS TO-DAY, ALGIERS

walks pushed and jostled Spaniards, Jews, Italians, Greeks, Maltese, and a dozen other nationalities. Arabs, wearing red fezzes and white turbans and flowing white robes, strode along. Women, garbed in the yashmak and voluminous trousers like bolsters, their faces veiled, were completely swathed in white, all except their eyes. So much for our first glimpse.

We settled ourselves in our delightful rooms, half Moorish, with strange doors, gleaming brasses, and heavy rugs. Our balcony looked down upon a dream of a garden where gazelles wandered, surrounded by every sort of blossoming flower, palms, and dark cedars. Its railing was covered with honeysuckle and large yellow roses. Below us lay the French city with its red roof-tops and hanging gardens, fruit-laden orange trees and great splashes of magenta bougainvillea. To one side lay the wide plain, so green and fertile, dotted with alabaster villages, the Lesser Atlas Mountains cutting the skyline in distant but sharp relief.

A delicious luncheon was served us of sole and eggs, fruit and native wine, unsalted butter and delightful 'crescent' bread. The crescent shape

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of the *petit pain* of the French breakfasts was adopted to commemorate French victories over the Turks—and, I take it, in these very lands. After this, we basked in the sunshine and cool air of the terrace.

We were in Algiers only a few days before we left for Morocco, and although we had been told that there would not be much to see, we found, in fact, so many things that it is hard to know which to tell about.

Our first Friday, the Moslem Sunday, I visited an Arab cemetery, where the women of the harems, all wrapped in white, go behind the walls to pray over the graves and exchange gossip. The plots usually had curbs and marble slabs, with tiny grass rectangles in the centre. Within the cemetery, since no men were admitted on that day, the women went unveiled, so I saw them face to face. There were many old and crabbed ones and only one beauty among them all. A few wailed and wept; others laughed and talked, for this was their one weekly meeting-place.

Around the outside of the mosque were beggars—blind, crippled, diseased—gathering in great numbers, for Friday was their feast day

and they were given *cous cous*, a native dish of meal and meat. Some of the mosques were endowed, some collected contributions, in order to feed these suffering creatures. The beggars did not trouble us until we made one a gift; then we were mobbed.

Most of the mosques were very simple and rather uninteresting, built of white plaster. Upon the walls for mural decorations there were only verses or poems from the Koran, more or less conventionalized and interwoven with intricate designs. Mohammed forbade the drawing of any living thing, saying, 'Every painter is in hell fire, and Allah will appoint a person at the day of resurrection to punish him for every picture he has drawn, and he shall be punished in hell. So if we must make pictures, make them of trees and things without souls.'

There was an inside court with a fountain of running water where worshippers could wash their hands and feet before praying. The floor, within the huge hall, was covered with modern rugs or matting and the roof held up by many pillars. Facing Mecca stood the niche where the priest held forth. In the balcony sat the women.

Records of deaths and marriages were kept in one of the small rooms, and a sort of court of justice met there. If, for any reason, a good Mohammedan cannot go to the mosque at prayer time, wherever he may be, he stands and recites verses from the Koran over and over, holding up his hands in the position of one reading from the book.

There are, apparently, as many Mohammedan sects as there are Christian. The Arabs are perfectly satisfied with their present ways and would not change them. Their religion and their law are one. The teachings of their Prophet Mohammed color not only the mentality and beliefs of the people, but also their entire lives. He came of an old tribe, though by his influence, he united a hundred tribes in one. Even to this day his followers will respond instantly to the call of Islam and joyfully die for it, as the recent war with the Riffs has well shown.

Mohammed's father was a chieftain, but the son's daily work was that of a shepherd, and his youth one of great innocence. The silent, lonely life among the hills, and the long nights beneath the stars, made him brooding and introspective, and so he lived until he was twenty-five. Then



READING THE KORAN IN AN ALGIERS MOSQUE

he married Khadija, a wealthy widow, who bore him six children, and to whom he was faithful for thirty years. She is said never to have interfered with his meditations and let him wander back freely to the mountains which he loved and which looked down upon Mecca. He had attacks of epilepsy and these returned upon him from time to time, and under their influence he is supposed to have had the so-called trances which accorded himⁿ visions and from which he drew the belief which he proclaimed. His followers affirm that he was lifted up into paradise and spent thirty days with Allah, and during this time he wrote the Moslem code.

Mohammed's first believers were few. When he proclaimed himself publicly in Mecca he was ridiculed. He and his adherents were obliged to emigrate, and took refuge in Abyssinia. After three years' banishment he returned, and this time he fared better, converting a number of pilgrims from Medina, who carried the new faith back to their native town with great success.

He was of medium height and spare. He wore his beard long so that it reached to his waist. His hair was black, his eyes dark and restless, and he

was said to be of a very powerful physique. Besides this, he was fearless and gifted in military operations.

The famous Hegira, or flight from Mecca to Medina, marks the calendar beginning of the new dynasty. The Prophet then built a mosque and instituted religious rites. He opened connections with foreign courts, and finally converted all the Arabian tribes into one nation. In obedience to a dream, it is said, he ordered a negro slave to ascend to a house-top and there cry at appointed times, 'Prayer is better than sleep; prayer is better than sleep.' From that day to this, the muezzin cries from his minaret and orders the faithful to prayer, so that now one sixth of the entire population of the earth respond to it.

He instituted Ramadan, a period of fasting and abstinence, not unlike our Lenten observance. Good Mohammedans may not eat from dawn to dusk, but they may partake after night falls, and even make merry.

The number of the Prophet's wives is stated variously. After the death of Khadija he married several times in order to enlarge his political

sphere, but his favorite was a beautiful young girl, named Ayesha, who had very great influence over him. Many tales are told of her shrewdness and ambition.

When the day of his death drew near, he realized it and announced it to his weeping congregation in the mosque at Medina. Four days after, he died of a fever. 'The Lord grant me pardon,' he said as he was dying, 'the blessed companionship on high.' Thousands of pilgrims make the journey every year to his tomb in Medina.

But to go back to our sight-seeing. One day we motored to the *Maison Carrée* near Algiers. It happened to be market day, and this crowded place apparently served for the men's club, just as the graveyard was the women's. The *indigènes* from the hills had brought in sheep, goats, cattle, and horses to be sold or exchanged, as well as vegetables. There were many picturesque people, a perfectly well-behaved crowd, no jostling, and everybody minding his own business, or else doing nothing, squatting in front of the cafés. Iron, old clothes, every conceivable thing was on sale. We saw nice-looking Frenchwomen buying

there among the natives, all of them mixing most amiably together. The Arabs take no notice of foreigners and do not annoy them by staring. Possibly they are silently despising them. As for women, they are considered no better than animals.

Men never see the women they are to marry until the wedding ceremony. Then, if the man does not happen to care for the girl, he can send her back to her family the next day. But before his divorce is granted, the woman can go to court about it. Once, while we were walking through the dark, dirty, winding alleys of the native quarter, we heard the music and sound of wedding festivities going on within the courtyard of a house.

Like a rabbit warren, the native town has narrow passages, crooked and smelly, and there are dark, dank holes in the walls, where people squat and work and sell their goods. But behind the walls the houses have sunny courtyards, clean and pretty. In the days of the corsairs, many of them must have been luxurious.

In one hole crouches the native letter writer, with a customer beside him, telling him about

the bargain he wishes to transact, or the lady he wishes to besiege. Even in the country where women are so carefully guarded, the love letter is not unknown. 'Now will the pen of sorrow,' says Newman, 'be dipped in the ink of desolation, while the nightingale of loveliness warbles about the brow of affliction.'

Elsewhere may be seen a story teller, surrounded by a group of listeners, telling tales out of the Arabian Nights, with musicians about him. Here there is a dentist in the very act of pulling out a tooth with a rusty prehistoric instrument, his sign displaying a design made of extracted teeth. At every corner are turbaned, chattering natives frequenting a *café maure*, their guttural tones filling the air.

If you look into some of the native doorways, you see a corridor of plaster painted in bright blue. Over many lintels is inscribed this phrase in Arabic characters: 'The bloody hand that beckons on to fate.' In the barber shops the very religious are having their heads so shaved that a tuft of hair is carefully left on top in order that Mohammed may grasp them by it when he is pulling them up to heaven. }

One day we visited a cathedral which had formerly been a mosque. It was draped in black for Lent. There stood the tomb of Saint Jeronimo, who had been cemented up alive in days gone by because he would not recant and become a follower of Mohammed. Near by, the house of the Archbishop was a gem of Moorish art, of plaster with arabesque designs, and handsome doors studded with great brass nail-heads, cedar railings, stone carvings, and a beautiful courtyard. Opposite was the palace, sometimes used by the French Governor for housing visiting officials, and for conferences. An ugly building it was. But the glimpse we had of the Governor's own residence, near the Saint George Hotel, was quite lovely, with its imposing Spahis, in white turbans and orange capes, on guard in the tropical garden surrounding it.

The *Jardin d'Essai*, as the experimental or botanical garden is called, was disappointing, though very striking were the avenues of stately eucalyptus. But many other gardens and hillsides in Algiers pulsed with color and sunshine and life. Sweet alyssum grew so thickly as to form a white carpet, mignonette abounded and the yellow-blossomed

oxalis, the star of Bethlehem, daisies, buttercups, narcissi. Occasionally, climbing up a bare hill, flowered the mauve-colored Algerian mallow. Cork forests were believed to be indigenous, but the other trees, palm, pine, plane, oak, and cedar, were said to have been planted. Pepper and locust and rubber trees lined the roadways, and in the orchards flourished the olive, the almond, the orange, and the lemon. The cultivated gardens in May and June had almost every variety that one would find at home, but by the middle of June they withered in the early North African summer.

Leaving the botanical garden behind us, we motored high up to a hilltop above the city, to Bouzareah, where we visited a Moorish tea house. From its flat roof we looked down upon a splendid panorama, the deep ravines, the city below us, the pretty villas, the rich plain of the Metidja stretching away to the distant mountains. Once forests covered the country, but, like Spain, the hillsides are now denuded and bare. In the early days the trees were cut not only for firewood, but also because the demolishing of the wilderness was a protection against snakes and wild animals and human enemies. But this was

æons ago, for the coastline of Africa abounds in ruins, Phœnician, Roman, Arab; yet the greatest mysteries still lie buried, as very little has been excavated so far.

When Sunday came we mounted the high cliff overlooking Saint Eugene to see the chapel of Notre Dame d'Afrique, built in Moorish style, yellow in color, but tiled in blue. Inside the church the black-faced Virgin, dressed in rich materials, stood high upon an altar surrounded by a halo of electric lights. In the small chapels burned candles, and upon the walls were literally hundreds of votive tablets and offerings from those who had been healed, or saved from shipwreck — small ships, and plaster arms and legs and eyes, and little dolls. Some of the tablets read: '*Merci à Marie et Notre Dame d'Afrique d'avoir rendu la santé à ma mère,*' and '*Merci à Marie d'avoir protégé mes neveux.*' It is dedicated to the fishermen particularly, and in front of it, standing just above the steep drop to the ocean, is a small cenotaph on which is an inscription to the effect that Cardinal Lavigerie, the great priest who did so much to establish French power in Africa, granted in perpetuity an indulgence of a

hundred days to any one who stopped and recited a *pater* or an *ave* for the souls of those lost at sea or who were in deadly peril.

The church was crowded, for mass was going on. Later the two priests and two small acolytes in red, one holding the cross, the other swinging the incense burner, came down the aisle and out of the door, after the ceremony within. They chanted a prayer and had an open-air service for those lost beneath the waves, while all the people stood bareheaded about them. It was very touching.

We also attended the service at the English Church of the Holy Trinity, where we found some interesting slabs upon the walls. I noticed one to the memory of an American consul and another to Admiral Decatur in recognition of his services in suppressing piracy. Others commemorated persons captured by pirates. One tribute to a reverend somebody-or-other especially took my fancy because he had been captured off the coast of Ireland, about the year 1600, and though finally ransomed, he ungratefully refused to return, preferring to stay with his captors.

Another day we walked to the Museum, built

in a lovely park overlooking the town. It contained many fragments of Roman marbles, statues, and inscribed stones. The mosaics were especially beautiful. There were coarse woolen rugs from Rabat, fine Berber embroideries from Fez, and silver bracelets and earrings studded with semi-precious gems, wrought by the Kabyles. By far the best things in the collection were the old silk embroideries worked in the time of Turkish rule, very lovely in color. Inlaid guns and pistols and swords were handsome, some of them of silver and embossed with stones. There were both ancient and modern brass trays for coffee and *cous cous*, quaint charcoal burners, and indeed a number of other treasures.

Of course we motored to the Kasbah on the top of the hill and looked over the thick castle walls, and thought of the deeds that had been perpetrated by the Deys of old, the luxury, the slaves, the harems, and many things so darkly buried in the past that no one will ever know about them.

The native name of Algiers is El Djezair. It was founded by an Arab prince in the year 935. In 1492 the Moors were expelled from Spain and later the Spaniards, becoming invaders, took

several of the towns along the coast. Pedro Navarro was in command of the Penon when two Turkish brothers from Lesbos captured Algiers. They were the far-famed Barbarossas, and this was in the year 1514.

One brother was killed off Oran. The other constructed the little jetty, making the small harbor the most picturesque thing in Algiers to-day. This invasion and fortification was the beginning of piracy on the African coast, which extracted tribute from all the civilized world and lasted for three centuries.

The government was organized as follows: The Sultan of Turkey selected the Dey. He in turn nominated the Beys. The pirate commanders were called Rais. Piracy was no go-as-you-please affair; it was organized. Part of the loot and some of the slaves were sold in the market by the Penon; part of the money was given to the poor; some of it went for port dues or to agents who organized the sales; prizes were given to the first sailors who sighted a ship for capture; some went to the government, and some was divided among the captain, the crew, and the ship-owner. Other slaves were sold for the galleys, women for occupants of

the harems, and the remaining captives were held for ransom.

In 1568 Don John of Austria, with thirty-three galleys at his command, was sent by King Philip of Spain, whose half-brother he was, to clean out the Algerian pirates, and for two years or more he kept them at bay. Then the Turks captured Cyprus and suddenly threatened the Adriatic. A league was made combining the forces of Spain, Venice, and Pope Pius V with the result that a giant fleet of over two hundred galleys was brought together and the gallant young Don John at their head wiped out the Turkish fleet at Lepanto. Tradition says that over fifteen thousand Christian galley slaves were released, most of whom had been taken prisoner by pirates. Among them was Cervantes, and G. K. Chesterton's ballad ends with a reference to him:

Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
 Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
 Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
 Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
 Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
 White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!

Domino Gloria!

Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

Cervantes in his galley sets the sword back in the sheath,
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.*)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the
blade . . .

(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)

The perennial jealousies of Europe, keen then as now, kept this tremendous victory from being a decisive one. Although Don John followed it up with the capture of Tunis, Philip, darkly envious, withdrew his support, and the city was lost again. Once more the corsairs emerged from their hidings, and little by little regained their power.

In the seventeenth century a priest, who was also a French consul, had some trouble with certain Algerians. He and a number of other Frenchmen were put at the mouth of a cannon and blown to pieces.

A fleet was then sent out by France, under the command of Admiral Dumaresque, but it failed to capture Algiers. In 1816 a second expedition, under the direction of Lord Exmouth, obtained

the liberation of twelve thousand Christian slaves. In 1830 another French consul, Monsieur Duval, after a slight difficulty regarding the price of grain shipped to Marseilles, was struck by a fan in the face by the Dey himself at a public reception. Duval immediately left Algiers and a fleet returned to avenge the insult.

Napoleon had some years earlier laid plans for the taking of Algiers, but he had never been able to put them into execution. These plans were now brought forth and consulted. The French landed at Sidi Ferruch, about eighteen miles from the city, and after three weeks' fighting General de Bourmont and Admiral Duperre captured the Kasbah of the Dey. It was found to contain enough treasure to pay for the entire expedition. Some time elapsed, however, before they entirely subdued the people. The Colonne Voirol on the highest peak overlooking Algiers is dedicated to the dead who fell in this expedition. It is dated 1833.

Elsewhere in North Africa there was fighting during this decade. On the boundary line of Algeria the French' garrison of Lalla Marnia was attacked in 1843 by the Sultan of Morocco, who

hoped to extend his empire over Tlemcen. In the war that ensued the Prince de Joinville bombarded Tangiers, Marshal Bugeaud inflicted a defeat on the Arabs near Oudja, and there were other battles. In 1845 the Sultan signed a treaty recognizing the protectorate of France over Algeria.

In the city of Algiers there is also a memorial to those who fell in the year 1850. The last insurrection occurred in 1871, when many French inhabitants were massacred at a place between Algiers and Setif. All Moslems are fighters, and when in battle they crave death as much as victory, for, if they die in defence of their faith, they are snatched up at once into paradise. So, the French victories were signal ones.

Algiers is now a peaceful port of export and the principal coaling station along the coast. She is the home of men of many nationalities. Her trade consists of olive oil and wine, cork, wheat, and hides. The hills of the Lower Atlas no more look down on such wild adventure and romance. She no longer is the lair of the corsair, nor does piracy lurk nowadays in the many little harbors all along the Barbary coast. The tales of slaves and loot, of bravery and cruelty, of strange cap-

tive ships, or orgies and incredible luxuries, are all tales of the past.

Though piracy is a word of infamy to us, to the Arab it connotes religious devotion. A corsair was to them what a crusader is to us, one who went forth to destroy infidels, to gain a soul, and to add to the everlasting glory of his God.

CHAPTER II

The Sultan's Way

ON the third of March, in the year of our Lord, 1925, and of the Hejira, 1343, we left Algiers, bound for Morocco, or Moghreb, called 'The Land of the Farthest Sunset.' Now we were soon to enter a region of white-shrouded ghosts, of mountain bandits, a place of pearly cities where magnificent sultans lived luxuriously and ruled harshly, where rivalries and jealousies and harem intrigues existed, where tales were whispered of poisoned perfume, of stranglings and gouging-out of eyes, and of bloody massacres. Even to-day these things have not wholly vanished.

It was hard to believe this mingling of bygone romance and tragedy as our motor raced past the pretty villas of the Algerian coast, which were built among the rocks that rose above the blue-green sea, or else perched farther inland on the hillsides surrounded with rustling palms and bright flowers. We swept past little French towns until we came to Sidi Ferruch, where the French landed in order to make a rear attack on Algiers when

they were establishing their sovereignty. From here the hills grew larger and larger until we stopped at a gem of a place called Tipaza. A huge mountain jutted into the ocean making a perfect little harbor. We took lunch in a trellised garden, and wandered among Roman ruins, the broken pillars, the oil jars, basilicas and mosaics which emerged from the green-gray of the wild absinthe or lay upon the red earth. It was a heavenly place and I wanted to linger there and have a nearer view of the 'tomb of a Christian woman' — at least it was called that — which we saw standing high upon a hill against the sky. It dated back to the seventeenth century, when the Christian era still endured in North Africa. Nor did I want to leave without seeing Cherchel near by, where a statue of a nymph and some sarcophagi and Roman galleries had been uncovered.

But on we motored along this amazing road, '*du littoral*,' while mountain after mountain appeared as we rounded the corners, with steep palisades reaching down deep into the turquoise waters. Turn after turn, corner after corner, into dark tunnels, out into blazing sunlight — so we plunged along. Sometimes there were precipices



TIPAZA



WIRELESS AND FORT AT TAURIRT

on both sides of us, and though the road was a wonderful piece of engineering, constructed by prisoners, we thought more than once that every moment would be our last.

Nomad tents appeared occasionally, smoked to the color of the gray shrubbery and made of camel's hair, or else there would be a mud hut with an enclosed courtyard, the door turned away from the road. Now and then a white figure would spring up, tending a herd of goats or sheep. In the ravines, where the soil was rich with alluvial deposits and watered by tiny rivers, were vineyards or farms with fields of vegetables.

Late in the afternoon we reached Tenez, a walled town and the first Arab city to be occupied by the French. The Transatlantic Camp was not far away, a most picturesque spot among the pine trees by the seashore. It had white and green tents and little domed houses like the tombs of marabouts, or holy men, and in one of these we spent the night most comfortably under a full moon.

The second day we continued to skirt the hills along narrow cuts close to beetling cliffs until finally the mountains were left behind. The roads

here were very bad because of recent rains. Not a single pleasure motor did we meet, only a few two-wheeled carts drawn by mules or horses in single file with heavy leather saddles and jingling bells, and some trucks and drays laden with casks of wine bound for the busy warehouses and wharves of Oran. In the fields we noticed as many as fourteen farm animals hitched to a single plough sometimes. New towns had sprung up, reminding us of the recent settlements in our own Western States, for they consisted of one long building in which the mayor lived, the school was held, the post-office and telegraph station had quarters, and which stood near a public fountain for washing.

We reached Oran in the afternoon where, off the coast, one of the Barbarossa brothers had been killed in battle. It was a big, more or less European seaport town, with hotels, libraries, schools, parks, mosques, and great wharves. The houses were mostly like those on the Continent. Along the busy boulevards were cafés crowded with Jews, Spaniards, and French. It had, like Algiers, its native quarter.

Uphill the city climbed with flights of steps for

streets, or else smooth roads cut out of the side of the mountain. There were three distinct terraces on which the houses were built, so almost everywhere was the sea visible, and the long breakwater stretching far out into the Mediterranean. There was little trace left of the Oran of Phœnician and Roman days, though it must have been a port of size then. In the fifteenth century it was said to have been equal almost to Granada or Seville in the wealth of its mosques and colleges. But now it is distinctly an Algerian town under French protection.

The next morning church bells ringing and donkeys braying woke us at an early hour and we started off on the road again. The country was treeless and rolling, the land fertile and well-cultivated with rich vineyards and wheatfields. Past a salt lake we motored and came into a region which looked something like Arizona with its mesas and dry river beds. Little tent villages and more French towns of recent date were seen until at last we reached Tlemcen. We approached it through groves of age-old olive trees. It stood out against the massive mountains of the Lower Atlas, 'a Jewel of Islam.'

Colonel Azan, who was in command there, invited us to lunch. He lived in the largest French house and had not forgotten his days at Harvard, for he was very kind to all Americans who passed through. About Tlemcen could be seen not only Roman relics but Moorish ones as well, covered with climbing vines and interspersed with flowering fruit trees. The ruins of Mansoura, a city founded by an Arab general, who besieged Tlemcen for seven years but never captured it, stood on the outskirts, with its ramparts and bastions and minarets rising out of dense masses of flowering plants. In Tlemcen itself the mosque which we peeped into was small, but finely built of stucco with inserts of beautiful tiling. The great cedar door was heavily embossed with bronze decorations, and a legend was told to the effect that it was made for the ransom of a sea captain and, when thrown upon the waters, it was wafted miraculously to the Algerian seacoast.

The people were largely Jews and Moors, and the Mohammedan women were so modest that they did not even show their hands and looked forth from underneath their veils with only one eye visible. Here the French had been in control



FORUM, TIPAZA

for about eighty-five years and had left their stamp on the country. The moment that one passed from Algeria into Morocco, the Hermit Kingdom, where they had come into power in comparatively recent times, one could see the difference.

El Marina was the boundary line. Delicious oranges were found about here. The luxuriant growth and well-tilled fields ceased, but grazing sheep and goats attended by shepherds appeared. We caught a glimpse of a jackal and a partridge, and heard larks singing. Here and there in the gray desert were blossoming patches of wild flowers.

At night we reached Oudjda and stopped at a small hotel just outside the native town. As in many other villages, there was a monument in the public square to the memory of soldiers fallen in the Great War. We wandered about the clean new market-place which served for the foreign population, and then went into the dirty native market, within the walled city. Here we saw caravans of camels, horses, and goats, together with all sorts of articles for sale. The people seemed especially poor and wretched, many of

them in the last stage of rags and tatters. Cur dogs and thin cats prowled about, and lively, independent children ran in and out among their mothers, who carried large bundles of firewood on their backs.

When a younger man greeted an older one, he kissed the hand and shoulder of the other. If friend met friend, they put their hands to their foreheads, or else gave a sort of Freemason grip, or both. A very few carried guns, for at the present time a permit is necessary, but all the men had sticks with which to beat their donkeys. They were not kind to animals. An Englishwoman had been travelling around in Morocco, giving out ointments for the cuts and sores which so many of the poor creatures had, hoping thereby to teach the natives to be more considerate of their beasts. The Prophet spoke unkindly of the voice of the donkey, so perhaps that is one reason why he is so badly treated.

We actually saw women carrying not only their babies, but kids on their backs in their scarfs. Unveiled women strolled about, evidently the gay ladies of the town, with darkened eyes and crosses tattooed on cheek and forehead to keep

off evil spirits. Some were handsomely gowned underneath their white overdress, and wore much jewelry.

The Arabs of the plains dream dreams, but the Berbers of the mountains have little imagination. The latter believe that they came to Morocco from the land of Canaan, and had been forced out of Palestine by Joshua when, with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, the Jews thrust forth so many people. It is also said that they are the descendants of the Vandals, and retired to the hills when the Arabs came. Many have blue eyes and white skin.

When we returned to the hotel, the Transatlantic bus had arrived bringing a number of people, French and Belgians. That night at dinner forty guests were waited on by only two women and an Arab boy.

After leaving Oudjda, we entered the *Couloir*, or Corridor, the valley of the Moulouva, called the 'bad lands,' or, as the French put it, 'the agonized or tormented land.' It is still the danger zone. We were told that the bandits in the Atlas Mountains were to be feared. They came from the south and were called the 'Sons of

Lions.' From the north now and then descended the followers of Abd-el-Krim, who had already killed hundreds of Spaniards with his Riffians, and who was soon to precipitate war with the French. Signs that France was already preparing for trouble were in evidence.

There were guards at the railway bridges, troops marching, armed motor cars trundling along, flying machines sailing overhead, and the Sultan's guards in handsome blue capes galloping over the plain. Trains filled with soldiers followed trains filled with natives, so when we were there the danger to travellers from bandits was slight after all. The risk from motor accidents, however, was much greater. There was a thick mist on the day we passed through Tlemcen and we heard that a car had been driven over a bank and a woman killed. Also many motor accidents had occurred on the road to Oran along the Algerian coast.

Speaking of fighting, we heard a legend about Fatima, daughter of Mohammed. She was married to a general, a friend and faithful ally of the Prophet, and when he went into battle she led the charge, holding up her hand. Wherever the

soldiers followed, they were successful, so to this day a drawing of the hand of Fatima, or its facsimile, modelled for an amulet, brings good fortune. We were told that when the natives fought, their women followed them, encouraging them with cries, and handing them stones to throw, or ammunition. A Berber woman whom we heard about, married to a Frenchman, always fought by his side and went into battle with him. Then, too, as in other armies, there were the usual camp followers.

Our third day's journey was mostly over the desert with mountains in the distance and mirages. Near at hand lay sunken and parched river beds. When it rained, the *piste*, or road, was muddy; when dry weather came, it was dusty. Part of the way we drove across the desert with scarcely even a caravan track, but nevertheless it wasn't bad going. We passed fortified outposts and discovered observation stations on the distant hills. Holy men must have been numerous, judging from the countless marabout tombs which dotted the villages or rose on the mountain-tops. Occasional little nomad settlements had eight or ten tents in a circle, with hedges of gray thorn.

One had a herd of camels, but the others had only sheep or goats.

At Guercif, where we stopped for lunch, there was a cantonment of inky black Senegalese troops, supposed to be the fiercest in the French army. They were the ones in the Great War who cut off their prisoners' ears for souvenirs, and always killed every Boche they took.

The *piste* over which we rolled was called the 'Sultan's Way,' because it was travelled in days gone by when these rulers set forth. As recently as 1902 the Sultan Moulay Hafid beheaded his enemies and hung their heads along a wall in Fez. In 1907, even, there was scarcely a Frenchman to be found in all Morocco. The Sultan's flag used to be red, and so used, as I remember, by the Moros in the Philippines, who are also Mohammedans. When Field Marshal Lyautey, sometimes called 'Africanus,' explained to the present Sultan, Moulay Youssef, that in Europe a red flag meant anarchy, the Moslem ruler said that he did not want his flag to stand for that, so he placed in the red flag two triangles, yellow and blue, one inside of the other.

Going from Guercif to Taza we passed a wire-

less station at Taourirt high on a rock rising from the midst of a green oasis, a most amazing and picturesque spot. In the distance, rock and station looked like a great battleship.

Every morning we started about seven or eight, and arrived at our destination around five in the afternoon, having stopped somewhere along the way for lunch, or having picnicked by the roadside. We averaged about one hundred and fifty miles a day. Occasionally, when we would be taking a bite beside the motor, a shepherd would appear and gaze patiently from a distance at our meal, but he would never beg. In the old days these people would not have touched food from the hand of a Christian because it had been cut with a knife, and all true followers of Mohammed had been taught that such usage was wicked and defied Providence. Bread came from Allah and should only be broken. But I noticed that whenever we called to a native, he seemed very pleased to share sandwiches with us.

Taza the mysterious was surrounded by snow-covered mountains, and situated at their base, on a plain and surrounded by a garden, was the hotel. The hills were vast and lofty, some dotted with

cedars, others smooth and slightly ridged with alluvial deposits. From spur to spur, high above the canyons, ran the road, and then, sliding gently downwards, skirted a slope.

On one high hill was the native city; on another the French town. Many of the Transatlantic hotels were not yet finished, so recently had the country been opened up to tourists. The officers seemed to like military service in Morocco. It must have been a lonely life, but, on the other hand, there was always the probability of fighting, and that would mean more frequent promotions. The pay was better than when serving in France.

A French officer told me that there had been an attack in the mountains in 1922 with severe fighting, and more trouble in 1924. Within a month of our departure the Riffian outbreak was in full swing. But when L. and I climbed up quite alone into the native rock city of Taza, with its ancient crenellated walls, all was quiet, and the Berbers polite as we wandered about through the alleys. On the other hand, the native police, having finished manœuvres that day, were giving up their cutlasses and guns, and undoubtedly

showing off a little bit, perhaps for our benefit, twisting their rifles in the air, twirling them skillfully, and pretending to shoot. It seemed a little risky. I remembered a day when we stopped at Elk Lodge on the Flat Tops of Colorado, the cowboys were cleaning their guns and doing stunts generally, and one went off accidentally right in the shack where we were having dinner. We reached the Taza hotel down in the plain without any mishap, except for the possibility of contracting some disease. But we didn't; not even acquiring a flea.

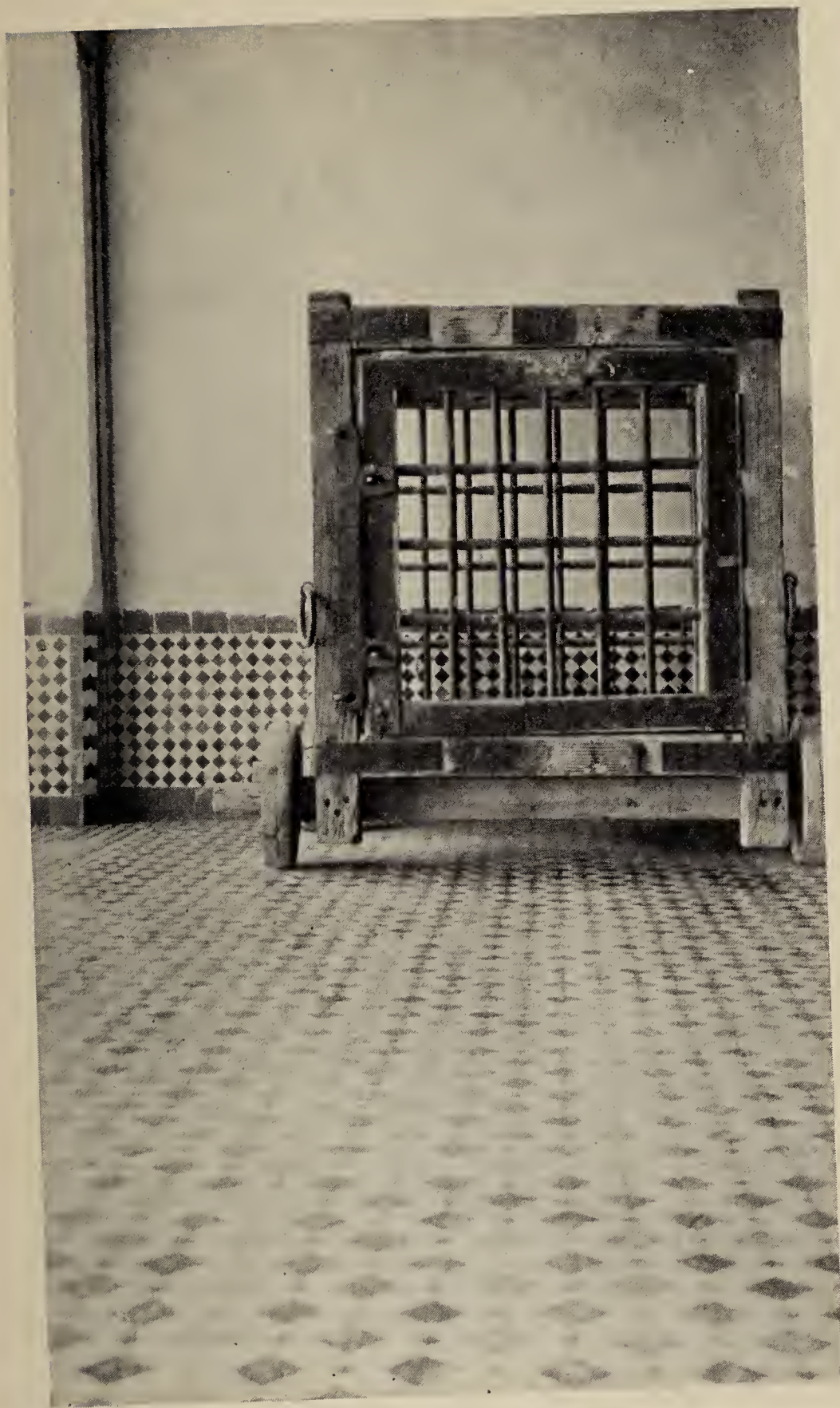
From Taza it was only a short run of three hours to Fez, passing small walled towns of brown mud, with watch-towers on the top of high hills, and seeing always in the distance the snow-covered Atlas Range. At the highest point in the pass stood a tablet in memory of those who fell in the attack made under General Gouraud in 1914. As the General had come to the canteen at Épernay, when I was there during the war, and also to our house in Brookline during his stay in America, I was much interested. Afterwards at Fez I asked General de Chambrun about it. He said that he also had been in these attacks and

had been wounded in the arm in one of the Berber skirmishes. During the previous year an outpost had been surrounded and a detachment of their Foreign Legion had been badly cut up. About two thousand men, natives and foreigners together, had been killed, but few Frenchmen.

Fighting broke out every summer, and within a month or two he expected 'to go under a tent,' as he expressed it. It was the plan each year to subdue and take over a village or two and thus extend the French protectorate. In Fez there were trained nurses and during the skirmishes the wounded were brought there. The sister of the present French Ambassador to America is a nurse at Fez now.

In 1902 a pretender, Roghi Bou Hamara, was elected Sultan at Taza, but the Sultan at that time, Moulay Hafid, did not recognize his pretensions, so he was caught and put in a cage and taken to Fez, where later, so the story goes, he was fed to the lions.

A treaty was executed between the Sultan Moulay Hafid and the French Republic on March 30, 1912. The protectorate was conceded, but a savage uprising of the native population at Fez



THE ROGHI'S CAGE, FEZ

immediately followed, with the massacre of all Europeans within reach. Some French officers were tortured by the Berbers. The French garrison held out until forces led by General Mangin came to its relief. Then in April, Lyautey was appointed Resident General. Moulay Hafid abdicated and his half-brother, Moulay Youssef, succeeded him in August, but not until Hafid had humbly submitted to General Lyautey at the Da Batha Palace in Fez.

To show the end of Moulay Hafid's history I will quote from an article which came out in a newspaper in May, 1925:

MOULAY HAFID FORGIVEN

*Morocco's Former Sultan, who Opposed France;
comes to Paris*

*Another Link Forged this Week in the Chain of
Friendship that Binds Morocco to France*

An official announcement by the French Government briefly states that Moulay Hafid has been authorized to take up his residence in France. Behind the announcement lies an interesting story of French methods in handling the rich protectorate in North Africa. Moulay Hafid was the titular ruler of all, and for many years bitterly opposed the spread of French influence. He was even accused of having secret affiliations with the German Government, but this could not be

proved. At the end of the war, with Morocco safely under French control, and the Sultan's faithful subjects happy in their rôle as French soldiers, Moulay Hafid folded his tents and silently stole away to Spain, declaring he would have nothing to do with France.

Hard times, however, beset Moulay Hafid's path, and since the troubles in the Spanish Riff, sultans are not looked upon any too kindly beyond the Pyrenees. Moulay Hafid's Koran had taught him a useful lesson in humility, and he recently asked the French Government to let bygones be bygones. The Government's reply was more than he expected. Not only was his past absolved, but he was promised a liberal pension for the remainder of his life, and assurances given that there would be no interference with his assuming a prominent part in connection with his Mohammedan mosque which is to be dedicated in Paris next year.

In 1914 General Lyautey took over Moulay Hafid's palace in Fez, while Sultan Moulay Youssouf took up his headquarters in a new palace at Rabat. The General, now Marshal, had had a long career in colonization in Cochin China, in Madagascar, and in Algeria. His method was to govern through the Sultan, and by means of the French army. The natives look upon him to this day as a holy man.

After a severe sickness two years ago, the

Marshal was invited to the Mosque, where the Mohammedans had prayed daily for his recovery. Nevertheless, he thought that the sanctity of the place should be preserved, and, since it was contrary to Mohammedan custom to permit unbelievers to enter, he declined the invitation. Nor has he allowed foreigners to enter any mosque in the Hermit Kingdom, his conviction being that native traditions and prejudices should be respected.

Morocco has been for years a pawn, more or less, in the diplomatic game, and doomed to internal troubles without the aid of a European Power. Always difficult to handle, it has taken a strong and tactful man like Marshal Lyautey to hold and develop the Land of the Farthest Sunset.

CHAPTER III

Cities of Ivory

A CITY of old ivory is Fez, a city of culture, art, and erudition, indescribable and unique. Islam's pride, it is one of the largest and oldest towns in Mauretania. It was built over a thousand years ago by Moulay Idris, son of Moulay Idris, the founder of the line, whose mosque and shrine in a neighboring town are to this day so holy that the streets leading to its entrance are closed to Jews, Christians, and four-footed beasts.

The sultans of Fez and Marrakesh were known to the diplomatic world of Europe during the Elizabethan days. Between England and Morocco were such cordial relations that the people of Marrakesh publicly rejoiced at the destruction of the Invincible Armada, and effigies of the Pope and of Philip II were burned in the streets.

Early in the seventeenth century a Scotch explorer, William Lithgow, and a French jeweler journeyed to Morocco and travelled inland as far

as Fez. They were kindly received by the people, but when they returned to Europe and were travelling in Spain they were arrested, and the officers of the Inquisition had them tortured. When they finally got away and reached England they exposed their wounds to public view in order to show that the savages of Barbary were less cruel than the supposedly civilized Spaniards. Lithgow's condition was such that he had to be presented at court reclining on a feather bed.

Even before this time Sir Anthony Shirley kept open house in Marrakesh so as to negotiate the sale of a famous diamond, a treasure of Saint Denis. This was during the reign of Henry IV.

The Moors appealed to the imaginative fancy of England, and scenes and characters from Morocco began to appear in Lord Mayors' Pageants, where 'a droll of Moors working in a garden of spices' would be shown, and in Shakespeare's plays, not only as Othello, the man of the Atlas Mountains, but also as the Prince of Morocco, Portia's suitor, who implored her to,

mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.

The Earl of Leicester, minister and favorite of Elizabeth, was president of the famous Barbary Company of Merchants, as well as being the patron of Shakespeare's players. He instituted diplomatic relations with Moulay Ahmed, 'the Emperor of Morocco and the King of Fez and the Sus.' In one of his accounts, quoted in Madame de Chambrun's article on Shakespeare and Morocco, Leicester says that he was 'received with honor, lodged in the best house, soldiers guarded him, and he and his suite were presented with horses and mules,' when he visited the country of the Moors.

The Earl's return to London with his *entourage*, riding in splendor through the streets, must have furnished Shakespeare's vivid imagination with scenes of Oriental magnificence. Besides, the Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare's sonnets were inscribed, possessed documents and papers concerning North Africa, which are still in the possession of his descendants.

Moulay Ahmed proposed to Elizabeth to furnish arms, money, and soldiers, and to open all his ports to English vessels, so as to aid Don Antonio, a protégé of England, to seize Portugal

and thus force Spain to fight a double enemy. This ambition ended with the sad expedition of Drake to the West Indies and his death in Nombre de Dios Bay. Leicester's Merchant Company disbanded, and the Virginia Company finally replaced Morocco in interest.

The Moorish dynasty existent in Elizabeth's day lasted to modern times, which perhaps accounts for the seemingly changeless character of Fez, the seat of Moslem learning for a thousand years. The town is said to resemble a snake, its head resting upon a hill, its curving body lying down the valley, and like a snake, it fascinates all who approach it. From a distance it also suggests a milk-white stream of glacial water, but drawing nearer, the spectator sees that the crenellated and scalloped buildings are more like old ivory, crowned and studded with emeralds.

As we approached, we saw rising up from the green-tiled roofs minarets with storks' nests perched high upon them, great watch-towers, and gateways with horseshoe arches. Below were beautiful gardens and palaces with running water and seething native *souks*. We entered over a curious bridge, zigzagging like the letter Z, so

that no marauding tribes on horseback could dash suddenly across it.

I felt like a child, reading for the first time the Arabian Nights, as I wandered through narrow, covered passageways, for the Grand Viziers had come to life again. Fat, full-lipped, pale merchants, mounted on red morocco saddles slung across their big mules, rode past us, like those who sang:

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,
And broideries of intricate design,
And printed hangings in enormous bales?

We have rose candy, we have spikenard,
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred
As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise.

Tall Berber sheiks, straight-mouthed, aquiline-nosed, strode along the white-walled, winding streets, and down upon them, from behind masarebia and handsome ironwork windows, looked the ladies of the harem. Water-carriers dispensed water from distended goatskins and rang little bells to announce their coming. Gutters occupied the centre of the streets.

Fez is the very heart of the Shereefian Empire, and the Wad-el-Jubar, or the River of Pearls, divides the ancient town from the new. In old Fez, with its bastioned wall, pierced with many gates, lay the Subdivision Headquarters of the French army, built in Moorish style at the end of the nineteenth century by the Minister of Finance, the Sheik Tazi, for the French have been very careful not to interfere with Moslem architecture any more than with the religion and customs of the people. A fine arts commission supervises all the buildings and grounds.

Here, at the Army Headquarters, we found General and Madame de Chambrun, L.'s cousin, who is an author of distinction. Her book, 'Giovanni Florio,' won her a doctorate at the Sorbonne, and was crowned by the French Academy. They greeted us in their fairy garden, with splashing, gurgling waterways and fountains, with green and blue tiled walks connecting small white houses with vine-covered trellises, surrounded by lemon and almond trees, and bordered with irises and violets. One of these pavilions was their sitting-room, very lovely and quite Moorish, with low divans, heavy native rugs, gleaming weapons,

brasses, and the large leather cushions for which Fez is famous, as well as for its red headgear, the familiar red fez. Another building provided a dining-room, over which were their bedrooms. There was still another for the General's office, with its maps of Morocco, and still one more for guests, with bedrooms and bath, all in Moorish style, too. Here we stayed for several days, waited upon by a most attentive servant, Lakhdar, who must not be forgotten, with his black-and-gold costume, wearing the medals he had won fighting for France.

The next morning we walked — for Shanks' mare or mule-back were the only two ways of getting about in Fez — with the General to sign in Marshal Lyautey's book at the Palais de Bou Jeloud in Da Batha. This is where he lives when in Fez, and where Moulay Hafid received him in 1912. We entered through a magnificent court with a long basin filled with water down the centre, and green-tiled paths, apricot and orange trees, and huge geranium bushes on either side. It was very beautiful and impressive. When we came through one of the many fine doors, painted in gay colors and decorated with ironwork and



GATE TO FEZ



RECEPTION HALL IN THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, FEZ

equipped with huge locks, we were dazzled by what we saw — lofty, glittering ceilings of gold, brilliant hues, crystal chandeliers, exquisite Arabesque plaster-work, tiles, rugs, and embroideries. The Arabs spend most of their time lying down; hence the ornate ceilings.

We saw Madame Lyautey's apartment, formerly the quarters of the Sultan's harem, and the shaded garden, which looked very Italian with its radiating paths and lovely vistas. General de Chambrun told us that when the roses were in bloom they climbed all over the other shrubs and trees, and whenever there was a fête, lanterns were hung about and the whole scene, with picturesque Arabs sitting about, was never to be forgotten.

Then we visited the Palais Da Batha, which is now Le Cercle Militaire with ancient guns in the fine courtyard, and museum filled with treasures. Here we saw the cage where the pretender Roghi Bou Hamara was housed until the lions ate him up. Next came the Medersa, where Arab youths of good family are given their education, and where lectures take place. The number of students was said to be small, considering the

beauty of the buildings and the antiquity of learning. There were white marble courts and fountains and fretted ceilings, and a great patio or centre court with marble floor, although the sleeping arrangements for students were said to accommodate only sixty. So many lovely places did we see that it is hard to remember them all.

The souks, or bazaars, consisted of districts in the town filled with shops — like endless passages interlining the city. Some were covered with rough lattice-work overgrown with vines to keep out the heat and rain. All were crowded with noisy people, veiled women, men in white, clamorous blind beggars in rags, and staggering donkeys heavily laden with bulging baskets, jostling each other. Nevertheless the people were kindly and pleasant, even to foreigners. Both sides of the passage were lined with *boutiques*, in each of which, about two feet above the ground, sat a merchant, cross-legged, among his wares. When he left his box, which had a hinge in the centre, he closed and locked it. •

In Fez we strolled through a leather souk where saddles, slippers, book-covers, pocket-books, and cushions, tooled in gold, could be

bought. These were by far the best things to purchase, unless one wanted embroidery, especially a kind that made the fabric look like chud-dah shawls, it was so fine.

The tailors' souk was interesting, for small boys were being taught the trade. There was an alley for meats, and another for vegetables, with dates and sugar, and a strange brown paste for soap, and large flat loaves of bread which resembled great peppermint drops. Small restaurants served food that looked really delicious, sandwiches of hot minced mutton, doughnuts fried in olive oil, and many other things. An auction took place every day, and often lovely pieces of jewelry could be bought. The Jews in the Mellah, the Moroccan ghetto, made the jewelry, most of it designed for brides.

The guides protest amusingly when the tourists whom they are escorting are overcharged, clamoring loudly that the dealers are cowardly, and their ancestry despicable. They call down the wrath of Mohammed upon the greedy vendor and quote from the Koran verses bidding all true believers to deal kindly with the strangers within their gates.

When we were bargaining in Fez, the merchants would put on long faces, throw out their hands, and say they would starve if they did not get more money. When our backs were turned, the dealer would be all smiles, laughing with his assistants, and evidently thinking he had made a good bargain. I turned quickly on one occasion and he saw me and immediately put on his sad face again.

To spit is the Moslem gesture of contempt at contact with a Christian dog, but I learned later that the manner in which it is done really indicates the underlying scorn. As we went about the souks, I noticed a considerable amount of spitting, but not realizing the significance I only said to myself, 'They have the habit here quite as much as they do in America.'

We poked into the Place Nejjarine, which is one of the most beautiful centres of this unique city of Fez. From this irregular square several souks led off into a veritable treasure-trove of most interesting shops. One of the loveliest fountains in the city played in its midst, with basin and background of mosaic and arabesque plaster-work. To one side was the Fez chamber



GATE AND FOUNTAIN, PLACE NEJJARINE, FEZ

of commerce with a monumental façade richly ornamented. The patio within was surrounded by galleries, rising story above story, with handsome balustrades and carved arches, where the importations and products of the wholesale dealers were shown. Here our kind guide, philosopher, and friend, Monsieur Baptiste, had his pocket picked and declared for that reason, 'Mes jambes sont coupés.' We thought of the Arab proverb: 'The thief who understands his business does not steal from his own quarter of the town.' A year later we heard that the pickpocket had been caught and the money returned. Good detective work in these French protectorates.

One never tired of the souks. Madame de Chambrun took us several times, and every day we saw new sights. The gate, where the son of the founder of the line, Moulay Idris, first entered Fez, gave a beautiful glimpse into the door of a mosque. There in the court was the usual fountain for washing the hands and feet before praying on the soft rugs among the many pillars. Facing Mecca was the tomb of Moulay Idris the younger, with a kind of aperture, or mouthpiece, which opened right through the wall of the

mosque into the souk. To the outside of this opening would come the devout, and squatting there in the street they would knock three times to wake the sleeping saint, and into the aperture they would whisper their hopes and needs, praying 'for children, for love or for revenge, or for the deliverance from the spells of vexing Djinns.'

The walls outside the mosque were lined with sad-looking specimens, afflicted with every known ailment, praying to be cured. Eighty per cent of the population of Fez are said to be diseased. The French doctors, who are doing splendid work, are much respected, and nowadays they are allowed to go into the harems to attend the women. Every year more and more natives are willing to go to the French hospitals for treatment. In fact, when battles take place, the enemy now bring their wounded over to their French foes, strangely enough. Both the medical service and the instruction in agriculture are doing much to win over a savage people.

Nevertheless, superstitions remain to a considerable degree, and Arab doctors supply quack remedies — dates from Mecca, water from sacred wells, sand collected from about the

Prophet's tomb. The twigs of the jujube tree are decked with tufts of hair contributed by women threatened with baldness. One establishment makes a specialty of curing leprosy, tapeworms, and madness. A certain family of marabouts have the monopoly of applying cauteries. A set of negroes, organized into fraternities, claim to cure nervous diseases with much waving of flags, pounding of tambourines, songs and dances.

The women especially, being still ignorant and uneducated, have the most faith in the marabouts, trusting to their blessing to make their children behave or their husband manageable. Fortune tellers reap a harvest by prophesying regarding future husbands, or the recovery of the sick, or the whereabouts of the absent ones.

Girls, we were told, married between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and the men between twenty and twenty-five, the alliance being arranged by the parents. The two fathers conduct the negotiations. After their agreement comes the betrothal, and some weeks later the contract. The fiancé bestows a small *dot* on the girl, which is supposed to be expended in the purchase of the trousseau. After the marriage, the couple settle

down to live with their parents, usually the bridegroom's.

The wedding ceremony, after both sets of relations have called on Moulay Idris to ask the bestowal of his blessing on the pair, takes place on a Friday afternoon at the gate of the Koubba, the bride and groom being represented by their parents, their kinsmen and friends, and the fiancé's barber, who requests once again the blessing of the patron of Fez, Moulay Idris, on the couple.

The Moors seem to like negresses, who serve as servants in various capacities, but the Jews are especially despised and made to dress in black and wear black skull caps. In Algeria and Tunisia, however, the Hebrew men sometimes dress as do the Arabs. The last Berber massacre, which I have already spoken of, was started in the Mellah or Jewish quarter in 1912. In the old days the Berbers did not even want to deal with them; in fact, in the city of Fez they flatly would not. So the Jews decided to found a small town about sixteen miles out of the city, Sefrou, and then the Berbers came and did their trading secretly. We motored over to visit it. The streets seemed much

the same as they were in the Arab town, and the Jews' mode of living appeared at a casual glance to be like that of the Arabs, nor did they look so miserable as we had been told to expect. In fact, the women, who were unveiled and wearing red head-dresses, were very handsome. A rushing stream ran through the centre of the village, where many wives washing their clothes made a lively, pretty scene.

While we were visiting the de Chambruns, they entertained many French and Belgians and distinguished Moors. One afternoon Shereef Kittani, an Arab savant, came to call and invited us all to have tea with him. The word 'Shereef' means 'noble.' He has, no doubt, one of the keenest intellects in Morocco, and is deeply involved in intrigues and politics, for that is the very life of the people. Kittani is known throughout Oriental lands for his learning, for he is the author of some two hundred books on religion and philosophy and is, besides, the head of a religious sect. He has been candidate for the office of Sultan, an elective one among the members of the reigning family to which he belongs. When we called at his house we passed through the court

to his remarkable library. There were books over a thousand years old, some with very fine writing in Arabic, and many illuminated volumes, a good collection of Latin books as well, and a set of autographs which included King Leopold's and those of several other sovereigns. Few books are printed in Arabic; the manuscript remains for the student the principal means of instruction.

We sat for tea in a room up one flight, bare except for rugs and divans, and a strange clock which told the time in all the cities of the world. The divans, which were placed about the wall, were covered with European chintz. A large brass tray was set on a low table, and hot sweet minted tea was served in glasses with many sweet cakes. As we sipped this delicious beverage we conversed through an army interpreter who accompanied the General.

Rich Arabs, by the way, are all very fond of clocks and often have many of them, few of which are usually running. They like to joke and to talk in proverbs, saying wisely, 'The world is a mirror; show thyself in it and it will reflect thine image'; or, perhaps, 'If the moon be with thee, thou needest not to care about the stars.' As

both the de Chambruns are quick and clever, the conversation was quite amusing.

My husband, through the military interpreter, told Kittani that since he was a literary man it might interest him to know that Madame de Chambrun and I had written books, and that we both held the degree of Doctor of Letters. He said that I sometimes even wrote on the typewriter in the middle of the night and woke him up. General de Chambrun said his wife, also, did the same thing, but the tapping did not disturb him — he went right on sleeping. Kittani remarked he could understand that perfectly, since the General was used to war and the roar of guns, but as L. was a diplomat, naturally he had to pay attention to the least sound or rumor, and then he added a pretty Arabic proverb to the effect that even the fluttering of birds' wings would disturb those who thought upon questions of state in the silence of the night. I remembered another Oriental proverb, 'A wise woman is like the jar in the house of the apothecary, silent, but full of virtues,' but I did not mention it.

Kittani was dressed quite magnificently in a long black velvet burnoose and white turban.

This was a little unusual and said to be of his own design and made by a special garment-maker in the souks. After tea he showed the ladies the way to the harem. The sun was setting as we passed along a balcony overlooking his garden and entered a room where there seemed to be three wives, several children, and a few slaves. The room had a large iron bed and divans. Tea was again served in glasses, with a sort of a brown compound heaped on a Chinese dish. It proved to be a sort of sweetened flour. I ate it, and the consequence was that I couldn't sleep all night. Three glasses of tea may have had something to do with my wakefulness.

The wives wore bright-colored silk dresses under some sort of white muslin made with much fullness about the waist and caught in with richly decorated girdles. They had but few jewels, though their head-dresses were pretty, showing the hair about the ears. One of them was rather handsome and vivacious, with large dark eyes. She seemed quite interested, but the others were rather dark-skinned and stupid. A little boy, also dusky of face, and about twelve years old, translated for us and told us he was Kittani's son, and

for another interpreter we had the army officer's wife. However, the Arab women were either too frightened or too dull to ask questions and the conversation was not lively. They presented us with embroidered handkerchiefs and great monumental bouquets of flowers about two feet high, and with such heavy stalks that they could be stood upon the floor.

We learned that the occupants of the harems may go all over the houses when there are no visitors, and lately, because there had been too much gossip, they had been forbidden to go to the cemeteries on Friday, the Arab Sunday, as they were accustomed to do. They might go once a month to the Turkish bath, however, to meet their friends there and talk. The women embroider and instruct the slaves in the art of housekeeping, but have no other duties and few diversions, though the slaves who go marketing in the souks bring back much gossip to their mistresses. There is no color distinction, but the slaves are much darker, as a rule. Often the master of the house falls in love with a slave and makes her one of his four wives, if he is rich enough. But only few seem to be able to afford four; many have two wives, and a

great many only one. An Arab proverb reads: 'Women and mules are from the same plant.' And so our most interesting call on Kittani came to an end.

We were fortunate to have other visits and one was to the Glaoui Palace. The Glaoui were mighty Dukes. The last one made and unmade sultans and really helped to preserve the French Protectorate when, in 1914, the French troops were withdrawn on account of the Great War. Even if an Arab proverb declares, 'Live satisfied with little and thou shalt be king,' it would seem that from all accounts some of the mighty ones lived very well and in handsome houses. The Glaoui Palace was very fine.

We were received by a member of this family, now Pasha of Marrakesh. He escorted us through a blue-and-white court, with a pool of water in the centre, then up to the roof, where there was a kind of terrace enclosed with a grille, for a view of the city at sunset and to hear the muezzin call from the minaret near by. We were shown his seraglio, which the women had apparently just left, and hurriedly, for there was some unfinished embroidery upon which they had

been working. Minted tea was served us by slaves as we sat upon the usual divans in the large room of state downstairs. It had an alcove in the centre, and two canopied beds of honor, one at either end of the room.

Very recently the Sultan's son, Moulay Idris, was married to the daughter of the Pasha of Marrakesh. The festivities lasted a whole week. Thousands of Arabs, resplendent in white silk robes and multi-colored burnouses, mounted on beautiful steeds, attended as guests.

Hordes of mendicants were fed just outside the Pasha's palace, on barbecued meats, pastries and sweets. At nightfall the muezzin from the tower proclaimed that the daughter of the Pasha was wedding the descendant of the Prophet, and then, amid myriads of Roman candles and shooting stars, the bridegroom with seven thousand attendants slowly paraded through the streets of the city.

Countless orchestras played in every nook and corner and the whole populace turned out and danced till dawn. When morning came, the groom was ceremoniously washed, perfumed, and massaged. His right hand and the right hand of

the bride were painted with henna by a marabout and the last elaborate ceremony ended at midnight. The alliance was a great triumph for the Glaoui.

General de Chambrun received a battalion of white colonials in the French portion of Fez one day, for here, as everywhere in Morocco, the native settlements are left untouched, and the dominant race has its quarters near by. He reviewed the troops from a grandstand in a sort of park with his officers about him. The Grand Vizier, and the Caliph of Fez, who is the Sultan's brother, and other important Arabs arrived in carriages or motors, or on the backs of mules. The mounted native police, the Sultan's guards, and the Spahis, stood up in their stirrups with their swords at salute while the General made a speech; then the band played and the regiment, which had just returned from the banks of the Rhine, marched by. It was very impressive and well ordered.

The present Sultan, Moulay Yousseuf, from all accounts, seemed to be very well disposed to the French. His brother, the Caliph of Fez, whose mind is said to be affected, nevertheless, appeared

on state occasions. The Grand Vizier under these circumstances was the real ruler of Fez, subject to French approval which, in this instance, meant the approval of General de Chambrun. The General seemed to be well liked. There is always danger when the natives are trained to be soldiers and it is hard to tell what might happen if, for any reason, they should turn against the French. Some of them did, in fact, go over later to the Riffs, but then, a number returned to their French officers, who took them back on probation.

But the Grand Vizier evidently wished to please him when we were there, and asked the General to bring his guests to dinner. Imagine dining with a Grand Vizier in Fez! I felt as though I myself were a character in the Arabian Nights. Through the narrow, winding streets, quite dark save for the light from the full moon, we walked. We were received at the entrance of the small but lofty court by the Vizier himself, who greeted us and shook hands. He was a tall, slight, middle-aged man with eye-glasses, and dressed in white with a turban. There seemed to be a number of slaves standing in the court, through which we passed to a room much like the

reception room at the Glaoui Palace, having two handsome beds with crowns upon the tops of them, and the usual divans about.

A small table was set in the centre and more divans placed in a circle. Here we sat, the General and Madame de Chambrun, some other guests and ourselves, making about twelve in all. The host did not join us. It is considered polite that the host should oversee the feast and also a mark of courtesy, because the General's rank was higher than the Vizier's, not to sit with him. Before eating, embroidered towels were put over our laps, and a brass pitcher and a tray filled with soap were passed to the guests. The servants wore baggy trousers to the knees, and jackets, and red fezzes from under which their curls showed about their ears. They were barefooted, and brought in from the court big earthenware pots filled with viands, and placed them on the table. When we had all tasted of one, another appeared. First came a sort of cake, followed by pigeon, mutton, two courses of chicken, cooked differently, and at the end *cous cous* of raisins with maize and almonds. We ate with the three fingers of the right hand, all putting our fingers into



FOUNTAIN, MEKNES



SOUKS AT MEKNES

the same dish. If more than three fingers were used, or the other hand, it would be bad manners and show that we were greedy. The meat had been steamed for a long time and fell apart easily, so, although eating in this manner may sound difficult, it actually was easy. For drinks, water and sweetened milk were served, and then rose-water was sprinkled upon our heads, and soap and water given us to wash our hands once more. Finally hot minted tea and coffee were passed around by a jet-black slave who came and sat cross-legged on the divan with us and prepared the drinks. Everything tasted extremely good.

In another recessed room, opening into the courtyard, music went on all the evening, tom-toms and a sort of violin being the instruments. Sometimes a plaintive song was sung solo, sometimes in chorus. Men friends of the Vizier sat in another room off the court, and the wives and slaves looked down from half-closed balcony windows.

After we had finished, the General rose and entered the court to talk to the Grand Vizier and some of the men by means of the interpreter. He shook hands and thanked his host and had a

pleasant word for every one. Before we went, the ladies of the party were taken up to the harem. The first wife, an elderly woman, well dressed, with quite handsome jewels, received us. There seemed to be many ladies, most of them young and very pretty, their faces much painted, their finger-tips hennaed. We did not ask which were wives, or what their ages were, for we had learned they did not always like to answer. In fact the relationships are much mixed. Children were brought in, and slaves lingered at the door as we admired the clothes of the women and then said good-bye. Evidently it was a great occasion, and some of their friends had been invited in to see the foreign ladies.

And so our unbelievable and wonderful experiences at Fez ended, for the next day Madame de Chambrun started to Casa Blanca to join Madame Pétain and Madame Lyautey, and then continue on to Marrakesh. The General and ourselves proceeded to Rabat.

On the way we stopped first at the shrine of the Founder of the Dynasty, Moulay Idris, a descendant of Mohammed's daughter, Fatima. It was a fascinating little white village clinging

to a huge rock and a holy city of Islam, in fact, the holiest of all holy places in Morocco. We were escorted by the caid of the village, who had been a soldier and spoke French. He took us as far as a barrier across a passageway. Beyond this the narrow street continued for a short distance, and then the small closed gate of the tomb was all we could see. We climbed up the hill, however, and looked down. Inside the walls was a white building with a green tiled roof and three golden balls, one on top of another. This was the sacred tomb itself. Moulay Idris came to Moghreb to preach Islam, converted the natives, and then was recognized as their sovereign. He became the first Sultan of the Arab line, and died poisoned by an old friend, none other than the fabled Haroun al Raschid.

Sheep are sacrificed to Moulay Idris and we saw the abattoir. In the village was also the tomb of a marabout whose slave committed suicide after his death for love of him. In memory of this act of devotion, an order was founded, the sect of the Hamadchar, who on certain occasions gather together and dance and hack themselves with sharpened stones on their skulls and breasts

until they are baptized in their own blood. As we wandered back to the entrance, we met some water-carriers, all blind, filling their skins at the fountain.

From the hill town we continued on past Volubilis in the plain, where we could see some of the Roman ruins, and finally reached Meknes. The founder of this city was the great Sultan, Moulay Ismail the Terrible, who had a long and successful reign. He lived in the time of Louis XIV, and many were his conquests. The heads of vanquished Berber chieftains he hung on the walls of Fez, and sent poisoned perfume to his enemies. He had thousands of slaves, a large number of Christians brought over from Salée by the corsairs; he had eunuchs, wives, and concubines, and his children were said to have numbered eight hundred. His chariot was drawn by women and eunuchs, and his black guard was famous for its ferocity. Many were the mosques, palaces and gardens, bastions and ornamental gates built by him. He adorned his buildings with Roman marbles and works of art from Volubilis. But only a great gate and about forty kilometres of massive red-brown walls, and the



STABLES, MEKNES

arches of the stables which once housed hundreds of horses, remain.

Though he exchanged embassies with Louis XIV, and sent him presents of lions and leopards, and though he received in return clocks and fire-arms, he asked in vain for the hand of Louis's daughter, the Princess de Conti. Despite the French King's somewhat contemptuous refusal of the Sultan's suit, the Arab ruler offered in 1709 to send the King of France his troops to aid in the war against Austria. Another tradition is to the effect that the Sultan also asked for La Vallière, the King's own mistress, for his harem.

Leaving Meknes behind us, and getting a last glimpse of an ostrich farm and of the French barracks, we motored down from the hills to the plain and towards the sea.

CHAPTER IV)

Rabat the Red

FROM Meknes, motoring through the primeval cork forest, we journeyed, passing the gray gnarled trunks that rise along the edge of the road, and came at last upon the town of Rabat. It has sometimes been called the 'Camp of Victory,' because it was founded in the twelfth century by the Moorish conqueror of Spain. Here the diplomats reside, the Resident General has his headquarters, and the present Sultan, Moulay Yousseuf, lives behind his garden walls in a modern snow-white palace, his coal-black soldiers in brilliant uniforms guarding his gates.

We stayed at the Transatlantic Hotel, and our windows looked out over the blue ocean. In front, on the other side of the road, was a neglected native cemetery where a few white and ghostly figures usually sat mourning. Donkeys grazed among the tombs and boys played football. Now and then a funeral wound along, the corpse covered with a sheet and lying on a

stretcher, carried on the shoulders of some men. The mourners, singing a wailing chant, moved slowly after it until the sound of their dirge was lost in the distance. From the court, in a nearby school, one could hear the boys singing, 'Je suis né à Rabat,' and mingling with the noises of the street, the cry of the camel drivers, 'Balek! Balek!' and the donkey-men breaking in with 'Arrr! Zit!' Finally the boom of the sunset gun and the call of the muezzin ended the day.

At the hotel table I noticed a Belgian aviator who looked familiar to me. He turned out to be Monsieur Willie Copens, whom I had met at La Panne during the war. During hostilities he flew across the lines to Brussels and dropped a letter in the garden of his home to tell his parents he was all right. It was considered very daring at the time, though I was told that he received a reprimand for it. However, he certainly distinguished himself after that, and was wounded badly in action, losing his leg. He received every sort of decoration and was given a medal by the Sultan of Morocco. He was about to fly across a portion of the desert of Sahara.

At the right of the hotel rose the huge red-

brown walls of the Kasbah, with its watch-towers and Moorish guns green with age. The ramparts enclosed a lovely garden of great pink geraniums, blue morning-glories and magenta bougainvilleas climbing the walls and overhanging the old corsair harbor. The Kasbah was originally built in the seventeenth century by a sultan for the purpose of imprisoning a troublesome tribe. Later it became the Medersa — in this case a school of pilotry for corsairs. At one time it was a dormitory for students of the Koran, and now it is a museum filled with rugs and potteries and other treasures displayed in an exquisite court of tiles and masarebia.

Salée 'the Quiet' rose in ivory stateliness across the river from Rabat. Once gay and prosperous, we found it a quiet, sleepy spot where matting is made. Robinson Crusoe at one time, so reads Defoe's story, was the slave of a corsair and spent several years in this very place. I quote from his narrative:

In an ill hour, God knows, I went on board a ship bound for London. . . . On the third voyage our ship, making her course towards the Canary Islands, or rather beaten between those islands and the African coast, was surprised in the gray of

the morning by a Turkish rover of Salée, who gave chase to us with all the sail she could make. . . . We prepared to fight, our ship having twelve guns and the rogue eighteen. . . . He entered sixty men upon our decks, who immediately fell to cutting and hacking the decks and rigging. We plied them with small shot, half pikes, powder chests and the like, and cleared our decks of them twice. However, to cut short this melancholy part of our story, our ship being disabled, and three of our men killed and eight wounded, we were obliged to yield and were carried all prisoners into Salée port, belonging to the Moors. . . .

The usage I had there was not so dreadful as at first I apprehended, nor was I carried up the country to the Emperor's court as the rest of the men were, but was kept by the captain of the rover as his proper prize and made his slave, being young and nimble and fit for his business. . . .

Crusoe stayed at Salée for over two years, and one day, being sent out in a small boat to catch some fish in company with two Moors, Crusoe threw one of them overboard. The other, by name Xury, swore 'by Mohammed and his father's beard,' to be his slave, provided his life was spared. A Spanish captain picked up the boat, and Crusoe's adventures continued until he was shipwrecked and washed ashore upon an uninhabited island to the north of Brazil. Here

he lived, in company with his man Friday, until his rescue and return to England in 1686.

While Salée continues to live, the town of Chella near by has gone out of existence and only a few ruins remain. There is the great gate still standing dating from the fourteenth century, and huge red walls which once surrounded the palace of some long dead sultan, enclosing now a tomb, a minaret, and Roman ruins around a spring. Here we saw women washing clothes, with the 'massively built, vaulted little chambers' of great antiquity rising about them. Tangles of fig trees and undergrowth of aloes and cactus had sprung up in the midst of ruined tower and fallen walls. Near the white-domed tomb of the Black Sultan, a Moor, with his wives and slaves, picnicked under a canopy, playing games, clapping their hands and singing, 'The dead for us are but the absent; their spirits rejoice in the visits of the living.' To associate themselves with a sacred spot, the Mussulmans tear from their garments pieces of cloth and hang them on the branches of the trees.

An exquisite little green-tiled minaret still stood. On the four corners of the slender tower,

storks had built their nests of brown reeds. They come in February, rear their young, feed on the frogs in the marshes, and in August depart. They are very human, talking to each other and squabbling, and full of family cares and the business of living generally.

They reminded me of the old legend, that the first two storks were originally two human beings, man and wife, who possessed much wealth in snowy flocks and golden wheat-fields. But one year there came a terrible drought and the crops failed and famine swept over the land. Thereupon the man and his wife, who had saved much, bethought themselves of a plan whereby they could make even more.

So the man went into the market-place and called the people about him, saying, 'Come, all ye who wish to buy grain. Come to my house and bring only half as much money as they ask you in the grain market.'

They flocked to his dwelling at once, eager and joyous, and began to make their purchases. But meanwhile the man had ordered his servant to put grease secretly on the steps outside, and when all the grain was sold, the man and his wife

pretended suddenly to fly into a fury, and seized sticks and shouted, 'Come now, get ye all downstairs and depart!'

The people fled in a hurry, and when they stepped upon the slippery stairs they stumbled and fell, one after another, losing their grain before they reached the last step. The master of the house and his wife, roaring with laughter, watched their flight. For punishment the gods changed them into storks, and storks they have remained ever since.

Before we left Rabat we visited the famous Tower of Hassan, formerly part of a great mosque which was in process of being built, but never finished, for an earthquake destroyed all but the tower about the time that Lisbon suffered in the same way. It was very impressive, six or seven times as high as the gnarled and twisted trees at its base, and beautifully intricate in design, with recessed niches and balconies and slender arched windows, from one of which we had a splendid view of white Salée, rising in snowy terraces to its crowning minaret. The Tower of Hassan was built by the same architect who designed the Giralda of Seville.



COFFEE-HOUSE, RABAT

Rabat was full of activities, commercial, and, in the outlying districts, agricultural. We visited the government experimental stock-farm and saw handsome gray stallions, some of them quite vicious, rearing and striking out with their fore-legs when they were being exhibited. There were English and French horses; the mares and baby colts were very pretty. The stock was being bred for cavalry, but the farm also had donkeys and mules. On the whole the project had been quite successful, though we were told that the foreign horses suffered from eye trouble, due to the brilliant sunshine, and that the young brood mares, which had never seen motors or trains, became frightened by them when they were turned out in the summer, so that their colts were born prematurely, and many of them died.

All over the country improvements were going on, and at first the observer would think that France was spending much money in Morocco. Roads were being built, railways constructed, towns going up, and an army was in occupation. But I was told that the only money paid out by France was the amount necessary to keep up the army.

Some Americans became curious on the subject, because of France's indebtedness to America, and wondered if the many expenses for other things did not manage to be somehow listed under army funds. I well remembered how exercised some other Americans were some years ago over what was apparently being spent in the Philippines, until they discovered that the money for their improvements came actually from taxes paid by the Filipinos themselves, and not from the coffers of the United States. The two situations are somewhat similar.

The irregular contour of the Hermit Kingdom has had much to do with its wars and lack of political stability. So many mountainous districts, separated from each other, have made tribal divisions more lasting and a solid central government difficult to administer. Roads and railways, the French discovered, were the most essential matters. 'They were, however,' says Martin Conway, 'only permitted by international political intrigues, originating in Germany, to build narrow-gauge railways, but now that the paralyzing hand is removed, railway development can go forward unimpeded.'

In Morocco the winning of the Great War evidently increased native respect and consideration for the French. Taxes are regulated more justly under the Protectorate, the fighting between the tribes has diminished, and now that the Riff war is ended, peace reigns in the different villages.

The social system is feudal, like that of Europe in the twelfth century. There are sultans and caids and sheiks and herdsmen and slaves. The local caid in the old days was usually a keen-witted tyrant, quick to strike, and so avaricious that he would bleed his subjects white.

Now the French, with tact and wisdom, refrained from interfering with the actual organization of this system, though they have curbed the greedy caids, and in the courts, where the French exercise jurisdiction, their decisions are just and the bribery of the native judiciary is unknown. They have taken over the mines, and occupied and established title to indeterminate territories, and they have given much encouragement to the various arts and crafts of the people. In some districts, however, they have had to maintain peace by force.

Lyautey's administration in the Hermit Kingdom has been considered an extraordinary achievement, and the recent struggle with the Riffs was no indictment of his wisdom. Indeed, that the struggle with Abd-el-Krim was so long in coming was due to the thoroughness and astuteness of Lyautey's foundation of French ascendancy in Moghreb, and the loyalty of the Border tribes to the French. He learned the secret of colonial government in Indo-China, where he formulated the rule of 'working with the mandarin and not against him.' Sloane in his book, 'Greater France in Africa,' speaks of Lyautey's 'almost supreme worldly wisdom.' He has always laid great stress on Moorish ceremonials and paid elaborate deference to the sultans through whom he has functioned. Once at Paris he laid down his theory of French rule as follows: 'We do not regard the people of Morocco as an inferior race, but as another race than ourselves.' In encouraging the development of native education, he avoided arousing the ferment and discontent that is found where a native intelligentia is bred in Western theories and ideals which it cannot assimilate.

The French have a deep sentiment in regard to this country, not only because of what they have accomplished there and what they expect it will yield in the future, but also because it was in connection with Morocco that the Germans' challenge of a few years ago was met. During the war, Lyautey not only kept the Moors quiet, but organized and equipped upwards of fifty thousand native volunteers, who fought under General Danguin in the battles of the Marne and the Somme: and for a time was himself Minister of War in France while General Gouraud took his place in Africa. After that, Gouraud, who was Lyautey's pupil, returned to France and commanded the armies in the Champagne against which Ludendorff made his final and disastrous attack. At Château-Thierry the Moroccan troops fought beside the Americans.

On the thirteenth of March General de Chambrun arranged for us to have luncheon with the Marshal, and it proved to be a wonderful day. His residence, built some five years ago in the Moorish style, was on a hilltop about a mile from the sea. He showed us his desk, from which the finest view was to be had, though from the court-

yard every vista was lovely. Lyautey said to the architect, in regard to his office, 'This is where I wish to work and look out. Build the house around my desk.' And so it was done. That and the adjoining offices were built like a crescent on the hillside, and all were connected so that business could be transacted quickly.

Outside, the house was of white plaster; inside, of carved wood. We were conducted up the staircase into a long parlor and sitting-room, where the walls were covered with guns, pistols of silver studded with precious stones, and other handsome native arms. There were belts of gold, embroidered cushions, and, hanging upon the walls, pictures of the country. In one room was the portrait of the Sultan of Morocco, a stout, middle-aged man dressed in white, and with rather a nice face.

The main dining-room was large, but somewhat plain, with windows looking out on the courtyard, and reminded me of the hall in the Imperial Palace in Japan, where we had luncheon with the Emperor and Empress.

The Marshal entertained us in a smaller room, and there were twenty-two guests. One was an

Italian princess, married to Prince Aage, a Dane, and one of the royal family, who has recently been lecturing in America. Her brother is married to one of the daughters of the King of Italy. The Belgian Consul and his wife, and the Governor of the Belgian Congo, together with other guests, completed the party. I sat at the Marshal's right and had the Belgian Congo Governor on my other side.

The great Marshal had keen blue eyes, gray hair brushed up, and, although seventy years old, was much younger in appearance, rapid in his movements, emphatic in speech when excited, a little deaf, and rather difficult to understand.

I said I had heard much of his wonderful work in Morocco, and that now I had come to see for myself that it was all true, and that I had been told that he was one of the most remarkable men in the world to-day. He answered that if his work had been good, it was because he had had such splendid assistants to help him, and that General de Chambrun had done excellent work. He asked if Madame de Chambrun was not L.'s cousin and I told him that she was. He went on to say that he thought President Roosevelt a wonderful man,

but that he had not liked Wilson. Then he asked if Coolidge was not all right, and to this I assented.

He himself, the Marshal added, was a Conservative, and he did not like the way things had been done in Europe since the war ended, and he thought the Powers had made a great mistake in dealing with Austria — that country, he said, should have been left larger and Germany smaller. When I asked if the hill people of Morocco were not more honest than town people, he said that they were, but that the natives of the town were often more honest than the foreigners.

Noticing that I wore the Croix de Guerre, he asked if I had been a nurse at the front during the war, adding that his wife was much interested and had started milk stations in Morocco, and that he was sending out groups of workers to establish small station hospitals in the villages.

His most precious possession, he told me, was a piece of the sacred carpet which hung on his wall. It is the custom to honor some notable Moham-medan pilgrim to Mecca with a carpet. No Christian had ever before been given even the smallest portion. He took us through his private apartments and his bedroom, at the end of

which, near the bed, hung a map which he could study. Indeed his room had many maps of the adjacent country. He never went to bed till two o'clock, but he got up late. There was a story to the effect that Madame Lyautey had a mirror in her room so hung that she could watch the sun rise from her bed, but we did not see her apartments, as she had gone to Marrakesh.

The Marshal seemed to take great pride in his garden, which had shaded paths along the hillside, and also in his stables, which were very fine. We saw his favorite horse and two magnificent saddles of red velvet trimmed with leopard skins. Our visit lasted from half-past one until three, and both L. and I had quite a talk with him.

At Rabat, as elsewhere, the French city is outside the native town, but rather small and compressed. There were some very pretty villas. We found smartly dressed women walking down the boulevard and French officers, gay with medals, making their way through the crowded streets where blind beggars crouched in the doorways and overladen donkeys staggered along with their heavy burdens.

The development of Casa Blanca has been

rapid the last few years. 'Casa Blanca,' writes Mr. Andrews, 'like Tunis and Algiers, is a meeting-place of Europe and Africa, where the old and the new rub elbows, and the active West jostles the indolent East. All this color and life make a splendid panorama, and one feels far away from Europe, but not far enough. . . . This is not the Morocco I have come to see.' And so we felt, and did not try to include Casa Blanca in our itinerary.

Most people were very enthusiastic about Marrakesh, but some were not. Those who want to know the truth must go and see it for themselves — alas, we did not have the time. Mr. Andrews mentions the square in Marrakesh, called 'the Meeting-Place of the Dead,' because 'its gorgeous palaces are dust, its great mosques crumbling. Their precious treasures are gone, and there remain but a few sadly beautiful minarets, old fountains, lovely fragments of enamel and exquisite forgotten tombs.' The terra-cotta minaret of Koutoubia with its turquoise mosaics still stands. The Moslems of old builded; they repair not!

To the south lies the portion known as the



MARRAKESH



‘Sud.’ With the exception of certain coast towns, ‘it is probably as little known as any spot of equal size on the face of the earth.’ The fabled Mountains of the Moon lie there. The Tuaregs, or veiled men, roam and pillage, for they are the bandits of the Sahara. The city of Timbuktu is famous in poetry and legend. Tennyson won the Chancellor’s medal as an undergraduate with a poem by that name. It is a black city, far in the depths of the desert, with inhabitants who wear gold rings in their lips and ears. Once it was a centre of civilization, but most of us remember it by the doggerel rhyme:

If I were a cassowary
On the banks of Timbuktu,
I would eat a missionary,
Skin and bones and hymn book, too.

We came across a French officer of the Camel Corps, called a ‘Mehtarist,’ who had been stationed in the land of mystery among the Tuaregs, so we heard about them at first hand. Count Prorok, whom we had met in New York and later saw at Carthage, has recently penetrated into the heart of Africa, travelling in a six-wheeled desert Renault, and reached the Hoggar Mountains. There he has

unearthed what he believes to be the tomb of Tin Hanan, reputed to be the ancestress of the royal line of the Tuaregs. He found veiled men and unveiled women, a strange, white race of shepherds, poets, and warriors.

The Count's curiosity as to this legendary land was first aroused at Carthage, when he found in the Temple of Tanit some strange objects of unknown origin, neither Roman, nor Greek, nor Egyptian. Hence he surmised that they came from the interior of Africa, because even in Carthaginian days there had been an overland route for trade in existence then.

The Tuaregs are a fierce people and preserve their isolation savagely. As late as 1881 a French expedition was welcomed by them with outward courtesy, and then fed on poisoned dates and in their death agonies massacred to a man. The Prorok expedition, however, had the advantage of French military protection.

Especially rich in legend is the land. Some assert it to be the 'lost Atlantis' of Plato. Pierre Benoit has written a novel of a beautiful queen who reigned high up in the Hoggar Mountains in an inaccessible palace. She was a descendant of

Cleopatra and Mark Antony and had intrepid explorers brought to her palace, where she loved them and then killed them.

There is a high mountain which men never climb, because the plateau at its summit is inhabited by two strange goddesses. If a man succeeds in ascending to that height, he is clasped in their arms and never seen again. Once two young Tuaregs did go up there, and one of them was embraced by a beautiful woman who appeared suddenly. Then the other one felt soft arms go about his neck, and the second goddess had come. He fought his way out from her embrace with superhuman effort and fled down the mountain to his own beloved. Since that day, it is said, no man has attempted to scale the height.

The Count bore with him to the Hoggar Mountains, as he did to America, a bronze wreath in honor of heroes. This time it commemorated Father de Foucauld and General La Perrine, the first of whom, a White Father, served among the people, and the second of whom was murdered by them.

Some declare the Tuaregs to be the last of the Libyans, others a people closely allied to the

Egyptians. No one has yet surmised why a race so highly developed should dwell in such a remote and inaccessible spot. 'Poetry,' says Count Prorok, 'is their national pastime. They have a social function which they call the *ahal*. It may be likened to the salons of London and Paris in the last century. Usually it is held in the tent of a woman renowned for her beauty and intelligence, and Tuareg warriors have been known to travel hundreds of miles to attend it. The young men and women gather together and talk of love — all in verse.'

CHAPTER V

The Three-Power Zone

To the northeast of Rabat lie the Spanish zone and the Riff Mountains, the home of the late Shereef Raisuli of Wazan, and more recently of the powerful Abd-el-Krim. Just beyond the northern mountain line, where it dips down to the Mediterranean, lies Tangiers, nearly opposite Gibraltar. There is only a trail over which motorists have travelled the last few years; while the fighting was going on, it was full of dangers: but now tourists are again able to go overland from Rabat to Tangiers in safety.

It is some years since we were there, but I remember it very well. We took the Spanish boat which sailed from Algeciras early one morning, a most lovely day when the blue sea sparkled, and through the clear atmosphere the mountain of Gibraltar and the splendid Sierras of Andalusia stood out brilliantly. The grand mountains of the coast of Africa opposite changed from pale blue to gray, then to brown and green as we steamed over the straits past the little walled town of Tarifa,

the last stand of the Moors, with all its history, while off in the distance Cape Trafalgar stretched out into the Atlantic.

As we anchored off Tangiers, cattle in large numbers were being shipped, and it was a curious sight to see them hoisted up by their horns, dangling over the sea, from a smaller boat to a steamer. At first Tangiers seemed a rather disappointing little town of white houses piled up on the hillside. But when we landed in the midst of some excitement, with shouting Moors and Berbers fighting for the privilege of carrying our luggage, and had passed the water-gate into winding ways, and got into the rags and squalor of it — and never in my travels elsewhere had I seen such rags — we began to realize the interest of the place.

We had engaged rooms at a hotel, but as soon as we saw the miserable appearance of the building, we turned about and followed the soldiers that Mr. Philip, the Secretary, had sent from the American Legation to meet us. Up and through the maze of streets we walked until we found him at his office, with its court, its palm trees, and its mob sitting round the arched doorway. He took

us to another hotel, the Villa de France, outside the walls and above the town, overlooking the great market, the 'Socco de Barra.' There we found sunny rooms from which all day long we could watch the life of the place and the people, and were well taken care of by the French host and hostess who kept it.

There were many tents in the *Socco* below, donkeys laden with grass, and women carrying huge bundles of clipped branches on their backs, almost completely hiding them. They had walked miles to sell their loads, and squatted all day on the edge of the market-place peddling their firewood. Other women were selling fat pancake-shaped loaves of bread and striped green melons, crying aloud their wares to attract the passing purchaser. The children darted in and out dressed in bright colors — magenta, cinnamon brown, or canary. A crowd of shrouded figures sat on the ground, listening to story tellers, who also rose from time to time and fenced with sticks for the amusement of the onlookers. All was life and bustle, especially on a Thursday, with people moving in a constant stream like white ants, and horsemen on white ponies carrying the yellow-and-

green flag, and playing the music of the different sects of the Mohammedans. In the centre around which they were milling was the tomb of the local saint with its red flag — a rag of a flag, and indeed, such rags everywhere! Now and then, however, some fine figure all enveloped in his bur-noose, mounted on a crimson saddle, rode through the crowd. Near by was a cemetery, where the sad funeral processions moved constantly, affording not the least interesting scenes.

The beggars were terrible in Tangiers, many of them without arms or legs; some born blind or else made so by disease, and others having had their eyes put out by their masters for stealing. Even a caliph, in the rôle of tax collector, had been caught and tortured and had his eyes burned by a tribe of villagers from whom he had extorted money unjustly. There were appalling instances of sores and skin eruptions, and monstrosities of body and limb crawling round begging money from pitying tourists. Criminals were put in jail, and they were entirely at their accuser's mercy: if forgotten, they remained there indefinitely. They had to depend on their friends for food, for the prison fare was not sufficient even to keep them alive.

Tangiers had great charm, and many foreigners desired to stay on regardless of the unstable conditions. Mr. Philip did everything for us and made our visit a most wonderful one. He took us on a picnic to Cape Spartel, a ride on horseback (for of course there wasn't a wagon or a motor there) over splendid mountains, with grand vistas of the snow-capped Riff where practically at that time no white man had ever dared to travel. There, at the extreme northwest point of Africa, we sat in the shade of a spreading fig tree with flowering fruit trees and brilliant geraniums all about, while a real feast was served us by Mr. Philip's Moorish servants.

The Belgian Minister loaned L. a horse to ride for the excursion. His wife, L.'s cousin, was not well, though we saw her several times and she walked with us in the garden attached to the Belgian Legation. This was very lovely and restful with its shade and tangle of rich growth. Monsieur Engenieur, of the French Legation, loaned me a horse, but as a rule we rode on tiny donkeys. How their long ears wagged as the donkey boys, usually old men, prodded and pushed them along!

We went one night to a dinner which Mr. Philip gave at his house. The ride was most picturesque, passing between hedges of cactus, and huts, with our men in burnouses and caftans carrying along the lanterns. A new moon hung in the sky. Earlier in the evening, when L. and I were standing at the window overlooking the town, there had suddenly been a gunshot from the mosque, followed by the wildest fusillade from all over the town, from roof-tops, and from men in the market-place. We heard the bullets whiz past, for these fanatics shoot wildly. For some time the noise lasted, and finally we learned that the demonstration had merely been staged in honor of the first appearance of the new moon, which was welcomed with especial honor because it ushered in the month of Mohammed's birthday.

We met at Mr. Philip's house, quite far out of town in the midst of its garden of flowers, the British Minister, Mr. Lowther, Comte de Buisseret, the Belgian Minister, and Miss Kirby Green, who had lived so long in Morocco and could tell us so much. After dinner, native musicians played on their quaint instruments and sang 'The Lament of Granada.'



CELEBRATING THE PROPHET'S BIRTHDAY IN TANGIERS

There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down;
Some calling on the Trinity — some calling on Mahoun.

Here passed away the Koran — there in the Cross was
borne —

And here was heard the Christian bell — and there the
Moorish horn;

Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala sung:

Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents
flung;

The arms thereon of Aragon they with Castile's display;

One King comes in in triumph — one weeping goes away.

The keys to the houses in Granada were still preserved by Moorish families in Tangiers, though they never expected to see again the homes from which their ancestors had been exiled. When a house was sold, they would say, 'A key is sold,' for there was only one door and the master kept the key to that. Men have been known to wall up the door on going away, leaving inside their wives and servants with running water and enough food to keep them going.

Quoting from my journal, I find: 'In the past week Raisuli's people have killed two brothers, right here in the town, of a man whom they feared. When they couldn't find the man himself

at his house, they just looted and burned it. It was quite near the Belgian Legation, and Miss Kirby Green, the daughter of a former British Minister, saw from her verandah the looters pass by headed by her former groom, Ali, who was Raisuli's head man in the district. The groom looked up as he went by and nodded greeting. There was a rumor afloat that the followers of the murdered men wanted to abduct some European with powerful connections, and then make the condition of his ransom the capture of Raisuli.'

At that time the Shereef and descendant of the Prophet, Raisuli, was at the height of his power. His father had played the tyrant successfully before him, and at thirty the son had absolute control over the whole western Moroccan region, with magnificent palaces in half a dozen cities. He was really the last of the true Barbary pirates with a whole fleet of *feluccas* out upon the Mediterranean for goods, money, prisoners either for ransom or for slaves. He was never at peace, nor did he want to be.

Raisuli kidnapped and held for ransom successfully Sir Harry McLean, and at another time Walter Harris, the Tangiers correspondent of the

London 'Times.' Then came his most famous abduction, that of the American Greek, Ion Perdicaris. 'It was then,' says a magazine account, 'that Theodore Roosevelt (or John Hay, accounts differ) sent that somewhat celebrated ultimatum: "We want Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." The American, French, and British fleets steamed into Tangiers; the Sultan of Morocco was threatened with direst punishment if he did not produce Perdicaris, and as a result the Sultan — Abd-el-Aziz — paid the ransom and retrieved the American Greek prisoner. But the significant point about the episode is that Raisuli was neither frightened nor hurried; he had captured the wealthy American for ransom, and he surrendered him when, and only when, the ransom was paid. No doubt he never even heard of Roosevelt's message and would not have cared if he had. No Sultan of Morocco was powerful enough to read lessons to Raisuli.'

So Perdicaris was freed and went to live in London, where only quite recently he died. We heard an interesting story about an English governess in the Perdicaris family. The Shereef of Wazan, the most powerful feudal ruler next to

Raisuli, asked if his daughter could be taught by the Englishwoman along with the Perdicaris children, and in that way he came to know her and fell in love with her. Mrs. Perdicaris sent her back to England, hoping to prevent the marriage, for he was the son of a black slave. The Shereef, however, sent a messenger to England to ask for the hand of the governess, promising to divorce his three wives. She came back and married him and bore him two sons, though neither of them was chosen to succeed his father when he died.

Several years after her marriage, Mrs. Perdicaris received a letter from her former governess saying she was being slowly poisoned and begging for help. The English Minister was notified, and he sent word to the Shereef that his wife must be delivered alive at once. Whether or not he had tired of her no one seemed to know, but at all events she was released, and when we were in Tangiers, after Wazan's death, she was living comfortably in a nice house, partly English, partly Moorish. We went and had tea with her, and then visited her son and his wife, who lived next door to their mother.

The Sultan himself lived at Fez in great splen-

dor. His servants fell on their knees and struck their heads upon the ground at his approach. He was rather fat, owned several automobiles, played polo, and existed entirely for pleasure. He had offended his people by wearing English clothes beneath his Moorish draperies. His army was commanded by the Scotchman whom Raisuli had kidnapped and later released. There was a custom in good usage of bestowing upon any guest or friend anything he admired, but in return a present of equal value was always expected. This was sometimes a bit embarrassing. The Sultan would give a horse and saddle or a carpet to a foreign Minister: on the secretaries he bestowed, as a rule, swords or daggers. Mr. Philip went to Fez and the Sultan took a great fancy to him and insisted that he visit him daily. When he saw the Secretary's riding-crop and cigarette case, he remarked, 'They are very nice; I will keep them.' The Sultan gave his American friend an introduction to a Moorish gentleman who was a high official. The Moor offered Mr. Philip a horse, which was gratefully but firmly declined. Then, as the two were riding along, the young Secretary, without thinking, admired a house, and that

very evening the Moor tried to buy it in order to bestow it on him, but fortunately Mr. Philip discovered his intention just in time.

Although the Sultan was nominally the sovereign at this time, Raisuli seemed to be the man most dreaded and most powerful in the north. All the legations were in his district. His enemies were assassinated, a simple method, and what with the not infrequent kidnappings, it was unsafe for any foreigner to go far from Tangiers.

One day we visited a small mud hut, white-washed, in which sat a judge of Raisuli's appointing, holding a summary court, and in front of which were gesticulating crowds of quarrelling individuals. There was little justice, we were told, and all fines went into Raisuli's pocket. The actual experiences of people resident in Tangiers made us realize that we were in the grip of Oriental power, for the Sultans' and Bashaws' and Caids' wills were law. The best that the legations could do was to keep out of messes.

Raisuli reigned supreme for years and only lately was shorn of his power. He was insolent to Abd-el-Krim, the wary bandit of the Riff, once too often. Too many messengers of Abd-el-Krim

had had their ears slashed off. He at last took Raisuli captive, a sick old man, bloated with dropsy. He allowed his prisoner his four wives and a few slaves to accompany him into captivity. All Raisuli's followers deserted him, and he lay for months broken in spirit and begging for death—a terrible and impious desire according to Mohammedanism. In the autumn of 1925 he died. Two masters could not exist in the Riff.

But long before Raisuli's utter defeat, Spain's colonial prestige had been weakening. She had never been a good colonizer, taking surface riches, making little attempt to develop permanent resources, and antagonizing the religious sensibilities of the people. Much of the Riffian antagonism was due to her rough handling for years of the natives.

When the German Emperor made his visit to Tangiers in March, 1905, the long-disputed agreement at Algeciras followed, and a group of nations, among which was the United States, laid down an agreement for the maintenance of order, peace, and prosperity in the Moroccan Empire, which the Powers agreed to. Then the insolent sending of the German cruiser Panther to Agadir put an end to the treaty between Ger-

many and France, though ultimately Germany accepted the French Protectorate. The agreement provided for a nominally ruling Sultan, the Caliph or Commander of the Faithful. Islamic law required him — with unconscious irony — to be just, learned, capable of understanding, and a descendant of the family of the Prophet.

The squabble at Algeciras convinced the Moors that they were independent of foreigners and free to fight among themselves as they would, and do exactly what they liked with outsiders.

When we were in Tangiers all the foreign governments were looking hungrily at Morocco. There was an agreement still in existence to the effect that France would not interfere with England in Egypt if England would not interfere with France in Morocco. Spain was holding her territory by placating Raisuli with lavish gifts.

Not until the summer of 1925, however, did the statute defining the international government of the city come finally into force, although in 1922 a document was signed by Great Britain, France, and Spain which declared that the zone of Tangiers should be controlled by an international body. But the still existent insurrection of Abd-

el-Krim and the blockade of sterile mountains stood in the way of the city's prosperity. On his defeat and on Franco-Spanish coöperation did the future of the district depend.

CHAPTER VI

Riffian Chiefs and Their Adversaries

THE Spanish zone in the Riff, that strip of borderland which lies on the north coast of Africa and reaches from Ceuta nearly to the edge of Algeria, and which contains part of the Lesser Atlas Range, was secured to Spain by a treaty with Morocco in 1910 and confirmed by France in 1911. Previous to this the Riff tribesmen had massacred some fifty Spanish workmen, and the army sent by Spain to avenge this insult had reduced the territory to submission after a fairly severe campaign. But within a year there were fresh outbreaks, and the difficulty of transportation, and the native custom of persistent brigandage, kept the country in a chronic state of tribal insurrections of minor importance. In 1916 Raisuli directed a fresh attack, which took the Spainards, who had considered him loyal and had been supplying him with money and equipment, three years to put down.

In 1920, encouraged by surface successes, Span-

ish troops ventured too far into the mountain fastnesses and encountered a fresh adversary, and a more important one, in the new dictator, Abd-el-Krim.

This man of destiny was fair-skinned, black-eyed, tall and impressive in appearance. He studied military tactics and literature at the University of Fez, practised law, and spoke Spanish and French fluently. A few years ago he was a secretary in a Spanish office, thereby becoming thoroughly acquainted with the deficiencies in the Spanish character as well as those of Spanish rule. The story goes that all the trouble originally started when a number of sheiks asked the commandant at Melilla, General Fernandez Silvestre, for Riff autonomy under the protection of Spain and the Sultan of Fez. The General threw their petition on the ground and stamped on it. When Abd-el-Krim obtained an audience of Silvestre to urge their request further, Silvestre kicked him out of his headquarters literally.

El-Krim's reply was to write the Arabic word 'Vengeance' in his own blood upon the door of the Spanish commandant. The Riff insurrection-

ist immediately began to raise an organization secretly, and the banner of Islam was lifted to rouse the Djebala tribes to a Holy War. It is said that the Moors never mention a Spaniard without adding, 'Whom Allah curse!' Moreover, the Spanish rule had been marked by incompetence and corruption. A series of defeats and tragic routs of the Spanish army followed.

Recruits for the Spanish Foreign Legion were secured in Germany by offering very good pay and a military organization modelled after the German *Schützpolizei*, so that the enlisted men did not realize exactly what they would be in for until after they disembarked at Ceuta. The Spanish Foreign Legion was comparatively new, having been founded in 1920, with a nucleus of the usual prisoners, shady characters, and derelicts. Out of about six thousand, nearly a quarter of the men were Germans.

The forced marches were most difficult, through thickets of thistles and thorn bushes, up steep gullies, over mountains and cliffs, with little food and less water to sustain life. When one of the Spanish forts was besieged for eight days, and finally rescued, the conditions were terrible. 'The

members of the garrison,' writes a German soldier, 'with their long, unkempt hair and unshaven, dirty, hollow-eyed faces, crawled towards us begging with lifted hands for water. Two had died of thirst. One lay with his hands and feet bound, a raving maniac. A mule that had served for carrying water to the garrison had been slaughtered and eaten raw.'

Regarding the fate of General Silvestre, there are two accounts. One says that after a terrible repulse where three thousand Spaniards were killed, seventeen thousand captured, and an immense amount of booty taken, mostly in the form of arms and ammunition, the General committed suicide before his entire staff. The other tale is to the effect that he and his staff were massacred by the Riffs and Silvestre's head carried about on a spear-point and exhibited to his enemies.

After this, the Spanish abandoned outpost after outpost, among them several strategic positions, and finally withdrew. Of course such victories increased El-Krim's prestige and authority. As soon as he thought himself sufficiently powerful, he made himself a man of mystery, receiving practically no one and rarely showing himself.

Either his brother or one of his lieutenants met the messengers or the reporters who succeeded in penetrating to his stronghold. This aloofness, of course, with a superstitious race added to his potency. Possibly, too, he feared assassination.

The Riffs, meanwhile, were so exultant over the Spanish rout that they felt equal, apparently, to attacking France as well. Some one brought across the sea an alleged translation of a Riffian regimental song:

One Englishman is a sportsman.
Two Englishmen are a drunken brawl.
Three Englishmen are a British Colony.

One Spaniard is a Don Quixote.
Two Spaniards are Don Quixote and Sancho
Panza.
Three Spaniards are a retreat.

This could be continued in a similar strain:

One Riffian is Abd-el-Krim.
Two Riffians are Ruffians.
Three Riffians are a Fantasia.

More and more arrogant grew Abd-el-Krim, and trouble with France was practically inevitable, especially since Spain had not only evacuated her strip of land, but under the usages of

international law the French could not penetrate into it. El-Krim, meanwhile, awaited a pretext to begin hostilities.

France, for some time, through the loyal offices of an important chieftain, the Shereef Herkawy, who ruled over the Kabyla or province of Beni-Melloud, had been carrying through successfully her policy of the pacification of the Kabyles and the fostering of a friendly disposition for trade between Morocco and France. The policy concentrated mainly in the Kabyla of Beni-Zeruad, adjacent to Beni-Melloud.

Here in this province was another Shereef named Bon Monala, and when his friendship and influence were sought both by France and by Abd-el-Krim, he determined to pretend loyalty to both and then wait to see which side should prove the strongest, and thereby save his own skin. But keeping himself neutral was one thing, and holding down his turbulent subordinates was another, especially since he inflicted some harsh punishments when he found his men accepting bribes from either the Berber or the French camp. Then Abd-el-Krim despatched a lieutenant and some soldiers to harry the Shereef Herkawy and

greatly reduced both his power and his influence. Next El-Krim, finding Bon Monala was not going to contribute to his support, had him assassinated, and then felt strong enough to attack France openly.

The Riffs fight somewhat as the American Indians did. They can run for twenty hours without food or rest, carrying their weapons and a bit of barley bread for rations. They sleep on the ground and wear no uniform, so they are not distinguishable as soldiers, but may, if they choose, appear for the time being as simple shepherds.

It was said that Abd-el-Krim's army amounted to no more than twenty thousand, but he was not lacking in either money or munitions, having taken much booty of this sort from the Spaniards, and he had an irregular coastline to operate on, where the smuggling of munitions was easy. The mountain country is cut up into valleys with no communication from one into another, and altogether the whole region was not only a most costly one to try to subdue, but also the immemorial dwelling of tribes which no Sultans had ever vanquished.

When Abd-el-Krim wished to increase his army

or extend his territory, he kidnapped the Shereet and held him for hostage. Then, unless the men rallied to his side, he destroyed the fields and burned the villages. Troops thus impressed into the service were termed auxiliaries, and were not generally so loyal as the true Riffians. If the French were winning, they tried to desert and make their peace with the Europeans.

A prominent figure in the revolt, and a close associate of Abd-el-Krim, was a German by the name of von Klems, formerly a captain in the Prussian Guards, who eloped with a French actress. The lady leaving him, and he being in disgrace for having deserted when war was coming on, he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and went to North Africa. He was a violent-tempered man, and struck an officer and fled, in 1921, from the Legion, making his way towards the Riff Mountains, where he was taken prisoner by a border tribe. He had already been put into a hole to be buried alive, when a very old Shereef and his wife appeared and saved his life, taking him into their house — for he had made it plain that he hated the French. Soon after that an attractive young French officer was captured. The Ger-

man saw the Frenchman in his hole, after he had been buried with his head left out, while the Berber women poured honey over it to attract insects to torture him. Although von Klems did not like the French, he tried to stop this and rescue the young Parisian. He was unable to do this, for the Berbers immediately turned upon von Klems. Probably the reason he was not killed was that the daughter of the Shereef had fallen in love with him, and not long after he married her and lived there peacefully for over a year or so, learning their language. Then he got restless and one day disappeared to wander again. In his journeyings he picked up information about the French, and speaking the Berber language now very well he eventually drifted into the Riff and the tribe of Abd-el-Krim. By this time he had also become a devout Moslem and the possessor of two other Moslem wives, and thus, knowing French and Foreign Legion fighting methods, he was of great assistance to Abd-el-Krim. He was known through the Riff as Hadji Ali, and hated for his cruelty.

As I have said, Abd-el-Krim was well equipped with supplies, and there was evidence of both Ger-

man and Islamic assistance on the side of the Riffians. During their attacks at Bibane, Germans dressed as Turks were in the army. Surgical dressings made by Germans were found among the Riffians, who said they were expecting the arrival of German physicians.

The British Government had a distinctly friendly attitude to the French throughout, and before the recent agreement between Spain and France, promised that even if the Spanish zone should be violated by the French it would put no obstacle in their way so long as the coast was left undisturbed. In 1925 Spain 'came back' to the extent of promising a certain degree of coöperation with France. So what General de Chambrun had prophesied during our visit to him, that he should be 'under a tent' before long, came true.

The Foreign Legion took an active part. Prince Aage of Denmark, whom we had met at Rabat, enlisted in it and was mentioned in despatches for bravery and during the summer of 1925 was wounded while fighting. One report declared that fifty per cent of the Foreign Legion consisted of Russian and German soldiers of fortune. Before the Great War the French For-

eign Legion was said to be eighty per cent German and that there were few instances of a *légionnaire* proving 'unfaithful to his salt.' A British officer, having returned from the Riff zone, reported that he was compelled to use the German language exclusively in dealing with the outlying Legion posts.

It is a German tradition to believe that this fighting group, known for its desperate courage, is composed exclusively of German deserters. Reports differ greatly for a Paris paper states that hardly one tenth of them are German at the present time, and adds:

The Legion is not only a troop; it is also a refuge. People of all races, all languages, all classes go there, university professors, as well as road workers, princes as well as priests, artists as well as shopkeepers. . . .

The man who joins the Legion puts a barrier between his past and himself. . . . All of them, noblemen or beggars, mercenaries or deserters, French or foreigners, sons who want to be forgotten, or ruffians who want to make up for their past, all of them are of the kind which furnishes heroes. And in more than eighty years they haven't dishonored their flag which is unfurled above them on the battle-field.

For it is their flag; it is not the French flag. On

the silken flag of the Foreign Legion you read the words, 'Valor and Discipline,' while on the French flags you read 'Honor and Country.' But their heroism is French even though their birth is not French. And their discipline leads them unto death, if the order comes from their chiefs.

The Legion is called '*la Cavalerie à pied*,' because they have to walk forty kilometres without a stop, except for the five-minute hourly pause called the 'cigarette stop.' They have been known to make forced marches of fifty miles, carrying a hundred-weight pack on their backs. The discipline in the Legion is very severe, and the higher officers take no interest in this department of the army except when fighting at the front. The soldiers are not allowed to go to the '*village nègre*' in any town where they are stationed, and have no amusements, so naturally they drink. Their time off is from five in the afternoon to early morning.

Sometimes the soldiers drink too much absinthe, and go crazy with the heat and the monotony; then they say they feel the '*cafard*' or 'beetle' crawling round in their brain. Under these circumstances the poor soldier is likely to desert or commit suicide or murder some one.

What is the punishment for a drunken *légionnaire*? Nothing, if he keeps out of trouble and knows the ropes and stands on the good side of the non. com. officer. Otherwise he gets put in the '*salle de police et cellule*' or else he undergoes the '*peloton de chasse*,' the punishment which consists of making the prisoner run round and round daily with a heavy load on his back.

The rations served the Legion begin in the morning with coffee brought to them while they are still in their bunks, served without milk or sugar. At eleven they have bread and hot soup made of vegetables and a little meat. Twice a week hard crackers are given instead of bread. A similar meal is served again at five, and every other day red wine is allowed. There is plenty to eat and it is good.

When they are given their uniforms they sell their old clothes to Greeks, Spanish Jews, or negroes. Two pairs of boots are given them as well as a pair of leather gaiters. They wear no socks, but the boots are excellent. They harden their feet by pouring *bapedi*, a kind of strong liquor, into their boots, and before a long march they rub their feet with tallow. They consider this cleaner



TWO MEMBERS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION AT OUDJDA

than wearing socks and, moreover, the socks cause blisters. They call their bayonets 'Rosalie.'

They enlist in Paris at the Rue Dominique, as a rule, and the only examination which they have to undergo is a physical one. Often a Frenchman, to avoid being asked any questions, pretends he is a Belgian. Before the Great War, Alsatians joined frequently to avoid serving in the German army, and because after they had served five years they might become naturalized citizens of France. Dead-broke foreigners in France join, but comparatively few English or Americans. When an Englishman appears a shout goes up, '*Vive le goddam biftek Anglais!*' In addition, there are disappointed lovers, deserted husbands, ruined gamblers, thieves, bankrupts, deserters, and Apaches. There are Italians, Swiss, Austrians, southern negroes from the States, and Russians.

While in the service they become not only fighters, but also the hardest kind of laborers, road-makers, street-cleaners, and general scavengers, doing the work which no other soldier does. Their military service is more severe than that of any other regiment, and they are far-famed for their reckless courage, having fought

more battles, lost more men, and gained more honors than other troops.

When a *légionnaire* has once signed up, no power, no money, no influence, no diplomatic pressure can beg or buy or drag him out until his five years are up. He may reënlist, but can remain only fifteen years in all in the Legion. At the end of his five-year term, however, if he wishes to go, he is given a pass to France and thereafter a hundred dollars a year. Many do not live even the five years, for the deaths, either from fighting or disease, are very numerous.

There is a canteen in the post, and sometimes on the march, for the soldiers, run by a woman, often the wife or widow of a *légionnaire*. She follows the army in a cart, and when they encamp she sets out her tables and wine, while camp-fires are lighted and the cooking started by the Legion cooks.

For decorations in the barracks there are dreadful photographs showing the tortured bodies of deserters captured by the natives. If a deserter is caught and brought back, dead or alive, the reward is twenty-five francs.

Every soldier is delighted when active fighting

begins and the bugle and the cry '*Aux armes,*' are heard, because that means the end of monotony, the hope for promotion, decorations, danger, and excitement.

Besides the regular army and the Foreign Legion, the Lafayette Escadrille volunteered, so in addition American fliers were in the service for a while, though they were soon withdrawn. There were said to be heavier casualties than in the World War, since the Riffs were excellent marksmen, and the surface of the country not only necessitated low flying, but provided few landing-places. The Spaniards also resumed their part in the military operations.

Marshal Lyautey relinquished his responsibilities in the summer of 1925, partly because he had been ill and felt that he was growing older, and partly because he has always been more of an organizer than a fighter. Besides, there was trouble among the politicians in France over the Moroccan situation. The Governor of Algeria, M. Steeg, who was not a military man, was transferred to Lyautey's post, but General Pétain took charge of the fighting field on August 26, 1925. General de Chambrun was also in command

at the front, together with General Columbat, Colonel Nogues, Colonel Cambray, and Colonel Freydenberg.

The air service was especially active, since the planes could penetrate where places were inaccessible for the time being. They relieved besieged outposts, and threw down cakes of ice, so the occupants might have water, while bombing parties scattered the Riff besiegers in short order.

General Pétain was quoted as saying that it would take at least six months to accomplish a settlement by arms though it actually took longer. German papers affirmed that censorship had been hiding the true condition of affairs and that the war was going steadily against the French, and presently all Morocco would rally to the Riffs. The Paris press declared that entire tribes were deserting El-Krim for their French protectors. The Countess de Chambrun, however, said in the summer of 1925 that there was so much Riff propaganda among the loyal tribes that a long campaign would probably be necessary.

In December a despatch from Tangiers stated that Captain Gordon-Cumming, representing Abd-el-Krim, had arrived with a proposition for

peace, which would recognize the spiritual authority of the Sultan and grant political autonomy to the Riff, together with the right to maintain a standing army.

But this implied a complete victory for the Riffians, and little notice was taken of the offer. Meanwhile, in spite of the rainy season, more or less fighting had been going on. The Spanish Foreign Legion was meeting with successes in the Tetuan sector, the Riffs lost their capital Ajdir, and the Ouergha valley, which had been their chief source of supply. Their strip of seacoast was blockaded, and El-Krim forced into a pocket, with his prestige much diminished.

A certain anxiety could be detected between the lines of his appeal, which the London 'Times' published. Parts of it ran as follows:

To the Editor of the Times:

Peace. . . . Concerning what our enemies charge us with, that we are in relations with the Soviet and Germany and that foreigners are taking a hand in our country, all that is imaginary and is the fruit of many rumors.

When we are in a dilemma and uncertain what road to take, we turn and carry out the Arab saying, 'The sword is more truthful than writings.'

We remain steadfast to our principles, even if

only one mountain top may remain to us to occupy or to inhabit. We still continue prepared to defend our rights to the very end and to die for our principles.

We are always ready to make peace and come to terms as soon as we can perceive that our enemies recognize justice and admit our legitimate rights without which we cannot exist.

This is what we communicate to you, wishing you to publish it with anticipation of our thanks. Peace be upon you and great respect.

MOHAMMED BEN ABD-EL-KRIM EL KHATTABI

But France could not grant the Riff peace on its own terms, for an uprising through all Morocco might instantly follow. Great Britain would probably face a Pan-Islamic revolt in Egypt. Nor would Spain give up her North African holdings, especially since the Franco-Spanish agreement had paved the way for a successful military campaign for the summer of 1926.

The Pétain offensive which followed Lyautey's withdrawal, increased until it crowded the Riffians on every side. Abd-el-Krim sent an emissary to Governor Steeg early in April, requesting a cessation of hostilities and a formal peace conference with France and Spain. This was refused on the grounds that the Franco-Spanish entente

would only consider submission and the immediate exile of the Riff chieftain. Then a new offensive opened and the end came on May 26 with the complete capitulation of the Riffians.

It was significant in more ways than one, lifting a war burden, reëstablishing French economic stability, and generally benefiting North Africa. The peace terms were generous, but there is still some uncertainty as to the ultimate division of territory between France and Spain and its exact form of administration. Great Britain has always opposed French occupation of seacoast territory too near Gibraltar, and Italy is still disapproving the Tangier arrangements.

Needless to say there were many propositions and counter-propositions offered by Abd-el-Krim. The only concession granted him was his life, and that in terms of exile. His future home is somewhat ironically called Reunion Island and lies between Madagascar and Mauritius, a well-populated island with a pleasant climate. Twenty-four wives accompanied him into captivity, so it might be questioned just how much peace is wholly assured to him.

CHAPTER VII

The Granary of France

HAVING seen what Tangiers is like and taken a glimpse at the Riffian tribesmen, and marvelled at the accomplishments of the great Marshal during the last decade in Morocco, we were now to get a brief survey of the interior of Algeria. In about eighty-five years of occupation the French have made it a blossoming garden with grain and fruit and vineyards whose wine is shipped to all parts of the world.

Back to Oran we rolled, and from there another route took us inland, motoring past a salt lake, past soil unbelievably rich, and vineyards and wheat-fields, until we reached the mountains again, where tent villages began to appear. Now and then would we come across a little scratched land and a herd of goats, or cattle, or even pigs, though the Arabs do not eat pork. The roads were splendid, the scenery superb. Then came another fertile plain, and suddenly, while we were thinking that we were far from civilization, Mascara appeared, a large French town with a big hotel,

where the usual military officers and their families were having lunch.

Leaving Mascara, we plunged into the mountains again, going northeast. Here we lost track of our second motor, and after waiting some time at an Arab village of rock and mud, L. and I got out and sent our motor back. While we were waiting I distributed some candy and crackers to the children and men who gathered about us. One spoke a little French, which he had learned when working at some oil wells a few miles distant. The Arabs invited us to have some hot minted tea, which we accepted. They were most friendly and kind, though, of course, the women did not appear.

After a time both motors arrived, and what had delayed the other car had been water in the gasoline. Then, to our horror, our motor would not start, and we remembered it had manifested symptoms of a mysterious trouble the day before. At last, in desperation, we tried having the second motor haul us, for we had many miles to go and it was getting dark. But pretty soon the rope broke. L. suggested we try our motor again on low, and behold! it suddenly started up.

It had been a long day, and I was wondering if we should ever reach a spot where we could rest our weary heads, or whether we should spend the night in the motor. I had given away my last crackers, but I still had tea, a bottle of water, and oranges in case of need — rather frugal rations after a day's journey, so we were indeed glad to find a town and a hotel.

We did not reach Orleansville until after nine that night. It is a small inland town where tourists never go; in fact, neither our guide nor our chauffeur had ever been there before. Yet we found it especially interesting to see the fertile plains and to know just how the mountain ranges lay. At Orleansville there were Roman walls still standing.

The next day we again climbed mountains, and passed little French villas and very beautiful farms, like those of Italy. Down grade again we rolled, through Boufarik, which had a magnificent avenue lined with sycamore trees. Then into Chiffa, called 'the rivulet of monkeys,' for these little creatures from the hills come down and gather about the restaurants to be fed. They were quite tame. An expert on gland physiology had

been in these parts, and I was reminded of Gertrude Atherton, the author of 'Black Oxen,' and the statements she made at the Pen Women's breakfast in Washington regarding the rejuvenative qualities which had been discovered in monkey glands.

We fed these amusing animals, and had a good lunch there and a slight but rather exciting incident. We sat near a door, and when it was left open there was a bad draft. A French gentleman got up and closed it several times, and so did L. Finally, when the same young Frenchman left it open three times running, either going out or coming in, L. said to him, 'Please close the door. You have left it open several times.'

He drew himself up and answered, 'I am on French soil!'

'So am I,' replied L.

He left it open once again and went on, but came back after we had shut it, and left it open another time, L. remarking, 'He cannot be a Frenchman to do this, for the French do not do such things.'

I thought there would be a fight, but the French gentleman at the next table was also indignant at the boy, and remarked, 'He is a gamin!'

The gorge and wooded hills and tailless monkeys were left behind; so were the wide stretches of grain-fields and vineyards. The cereals of Algeria were of great service to France during the war, saving her, it is said, over three hundred million francs had she been compelled to pay the price of wheat in the world market.

From Chiffa we journeyed to Blidah, on our last lap. It was called 'the prostitutes' town' in the days of the gay and dashing corsairs, for it was there that they went to carouse and amuse themselves. The inhabitants call it the 'Little Rose,' so rich it is in orchards and flowers. A snowy domed mosque rises from a thicket of giant plane trees, and a little river dashes through the outskirts of the town. There is here a stock-farm very similar to the one we saw at Rabat, and a statue to those Frenchmen who held out so bravely against the Arabs in 1842 under Sergeant Blandan. Though a small city of some thirty or forty thousand inhabitants, it is a large military centre to-day. It is noted for its mandarin oranges.

And so back we went to Algiers to our former quarters in the Saint George Hotel. On our ar-

rival we were greeted by a friend in the Arab fashion, 'Greetings! Peace be with thee; safety be with thee; Allah's blessing be upon thee. May He prolong thy days, protect thy house, and increase thy goods.'

There were newspapers to be read, and news to hear. One item was to the effect that a well-known Frenchman had made remarks derogatory to the Spaniards' fighting qualities in the Riff. He was overheard by a Spaniard, challenged to fight a duel, accepted, and was killed. Another young Spaniard had just turned up at the hotel, which our chauffeur kept at Algiers. He had been fighting against Abd-el-Krim and been taken prisoner. He was given little or nothing to eat, and made to do the work of a donkey, walking about a stone mill and grinding the olives to make olive oil, such a mill as we had seen in the cellars of native towns.

After eight months he made his escape and returned to his regiment. His commander ordered him back, to fight again in the district where he had been taken prisoner, although it is against military usage to give such an order to an escaped prisoner. He managed to get away from his own

regiment, became a deserter, lived on what he could get from the natives, and finally made his way to Taza. There he reported to the French commander, who put him into the French hospital to regain his strength, and took up a collection for him. When he became better, he was told to go to the Spanish Consul at Oran. This official ordered him to return to Spain, but the poor deserter felt he would surely be shot if he did. Accordingly, he continued on to Algiers, where again he had to go to the French hospital to recover his health. Later he was given work there for part of the day, and at night was on duty as watchman at a hotel for a few hours.

Such an amusing article came out in a local French paper that I cannot resist translating it:

Among the numerous American tourists who have stopped here have been Son Excellence, Sir Larz Anderson, a great friend of France. Sir Larz Anderson is a cousin of Sir Longworth, President of the Chamber of American Representatives. He is also related to General Count de Chambrun, who has an important command in Morocco, and to Monsieur de Chambrun, now from France Minister to Greece. Sir Larz Anderson can trace his ancestors to Lafayette, since the de Chambruns are direct descendants. Sir Larz Ander-

son was a few years ago American Minister to Belgium and later Ambassador to Japan. Actually he travels here for pleasure. After visiting Tunis, Sfax, Sousse, and so forth, the ex-Ambassador will take the '*auto chenille*' across the desert. His voyage through northern Africa will be ended with an excursion into Algeria, from where he will start for the United States. We address to him our best wishes for a good sojourn.

CHAPTER VIII

From Berber to Bedouin

AFTER a few days' rest, Algiers was left behind on the twenty-second of March. We were now to pass through the 'Gorge of Death' and mount to the 'City in the Air,' and bathe in the 'Baths of the Damned.' Going east, we crossed first a plain along the coast, passing vineyards whose twisted vines resembled agonized crazy black hands with outspread fingers. They stretched out of the dark earth like the limbs of an army buried alive. Small French towns and little farms lay along the way. The plain and the Djurjura Ranges in the distance reminded one of California. We began to climb and climb and soon reached the snow-line ourselves. Across the blue sky the treeless rocky tops, flecked with white, looked like whitecaps on a turquoise sea. We were among the great Kabyle Mountains.

The Kabyle tribes make their houses of small stones, gathered from the rocky ground, and for that reason they are curiously hidden from view, just as an insect takes the color of the leaf he lies

upon. They were piled upon the mountain-sides like lichens encrusted upon a rock. These rude stone shelters sometimes contained two rooms, and sometimes more, surrounded by a wall. Often the dwellings were closely packed together in settlements. Strange to say, the wild mountain region has a high average of population.

The Kabyles or Berbers of Algeria are an especially interesting tribe. Their religious sect allows them but one wife. The women go about freely and unveiled. Property rights are highly valued, and certain tracts are divided and subdivided, because of the excess of native population, until some own a bit of land, others only a tree, and others only certain branches on a tree. Although they appear excessively poor and ragged, they have much dignity, and a simple form of town government, not unlike the early English folkmoot.

When a young man wants a wife he goes to the girl's father, perhaps having already caught sight of the maiden, or else having heard the women of his own family talk favorably of her. He asks the parent when the girl will go to the well. If her father approves of the young man, he sets a time.

The girl goes to the well, the young man in hiding takes a look at her, and then returns to the father to say that he wishes to marry her. Meanwhile he has had to obtain the consent of his own father and mother, for should he bring her finally into his own family circle, he would have to put up a new hut inside of the courtyard wall.

When all things are satisfactorily settled by both families, the bride and the bridegroom retire to a room, the girl's things are put in a scarf, there is a family feast, guns are fired in celebration, the lover gives her a crack with a stick to show he is master, and then, all arrayed in her wedding finery, she rides to her new home on the back of his donkey.

Like all other Kabyle women, she proves a good worker. Her husband may leave her and go off travelling to get work, but he always comes back for the harvesting. The women wear red or black dresses with head scarfs, something like those worn by the Bedouins. The men wear turbans and the white burnoose, so it is difficult to distinguish the Berber men from the Arabs. They make very pretty jewelry. Their simple life has changed but little from the pastoral life of

the Old Testament, and the faithfulness which Jacob had for Rachel is like the faithfulness of the Kabyle husband and wife.

We lunched in a hunting lodge at Yacourene on wild boar and found it delicious. In the afternoon we ran through a cork forest, where the bark had been stripped from the lower part of each tree-trunk, making it look like the pink stockinged leg of a flapper. From the top of the world we descended, winding, twisting on the ribbon-like road, down to the sea.

Bougie was a most heavenly spot. A glorious panorama developed before our eyes, mountain ranges, snow-covered, rising from an emerald horseshoe bay; a white town on the side of a superb headland of gray massive rock, yet covered with vegetation. It had snowed the week before, so we were in luck, for the mountains are not always gleaming white. Bougie was once the home of Sultans, and a lair of the corsairs as well.

At an early hour the next day we started along the coast. The road was much like the one going west from Algiers to Oran — a splendid piece of construction, like the Corniche, with hairpin turns and bridges and tunnellings. Sometimes we

seemed to cling to sheer rock, now looking down into the sea below while hanging on by our eye teeth, now gazing upwards at the glorious white Babor Mountains towering overhead.

At last we branched off into the 'Gorge of Death,' going inland. It was the pass called the Chebet el-Akra, where the French troops marched through in 1804. It was a superb ravine, gorgeous in color, with rocks of orange and red and lemon yellow, wreathed in foliage of lovely greens. The chasm with rushing water at its base was hundreds of feet deep, very steep, and almost perpendicular. The road was cut out of the living rock. Slender suspension bridges were miracles of delicate and airy engineering. Everywhere wild monkeys chattered. We emerged onto a rolling plateau, bitterly cold, and found a few more Kabyle villages. Here the mountains were called 'Little Kabyle.'

At last we reached Sétif, where French troops are stationed and traces of Roman occupation remain. We had lunch, and the waitress brought me a hot brick for my feet, a delicate touch that was much appreciated. We arose from the table and went on again over the chilly plateau to Constan-



CONSTANTINE

tine. I must admit I slept most of the way, notwithstanding the bumps of the motor, for I had not had much rest at the noisy hotel at Bougie the night before.

Constantine, called the 'City of the Air,' because it is built on a huge rock rising from a fertile plain, has been the site for either a camp or barracks over a period of three thousand years, and its adventurous story is written in blood. It has withstood eight sieges. The French took it in 1837 and still occupy it. Ruins of aqueducts, stone cisterns, and granaries built by the Romans are standing, a memorial to the days when it was called Cirta. First it was a Phœnician city, then a Carthaginian capital, its province being ruled over by a brother-in-law of Hannibal. It was named Constantine after the first Christian Emperor of Rome.

It had been sacked by the Vandals, and then occupied successively by Arabs and Turks. We walked about the terrace and parks and through the tunnel of the Kasbah, and marvelled at this astounding mountain fortress with its stupendous view across the valley. We gazed into the steep ravine where the river Rummel flows. In the old

days women who were unfaithful were thrown down there. After wandering through the Mel-lah, we took a peep into the Arab quarter, where many men sat upon their mats drinking coffee and playing dominoes or chess.

There were some good-looking and well-dressed Arabs — almost the first I had seen. The handsome sheiks of the novels, I feared, were most of them still within the printed pages. One of the papers remarked, apropos of the Riff campaign, that after attending many popular movies and reading many popular novels, one couldn't blame the French for trying to exterminate a few hundred sheiks. In Constantine the women wore dark blue coverings instead of the usual white, but they had white veils over their faces.

The very lovely old palace of the Beys was now the military headquarters, and contained two beautiful court gardens filled with trees and flowers. In the old days, one was for the harem and one for the Bey. Out of his upper window he could throw a white handkerchief to the woman whom he thought most charming for the time being. An Italian slave had decorated the courtyard, so beneath the pillars along the walls he painted Tu-

nisian ships and glimpses of Algiers, very quaint and well preserved. Old masarebia work, handsome, deeply incised woodwork, and iron-studded doors could be seen, and as usual, decorated tiles, very colorful. We were shown a seat of tiles, where the Bey used to sit with his favorite and listen to the blind musicians who played above on a little balcony.

All the animals, as well as the wagons and trucks, that we encountered in our travels, looked overloaded. In fact, we met several motor busses which had broken down, and a truck which had overturned from having too heavy a load to negotiate corners.

Everywhere we went we found the food good and the beds comfortable, though most of the places were more or less cold from the American point of view, and at some we had difficulty in getting hot water. In one town all the water was turned off for four days, and every drop that people had was brought in by donkey-back in skins. At another place the electric light gave out, but that might have happened anywhere.

Hammam Meskoutine was an enchanting spot, where we lunched on thrush, wild asparagus,

home-made *pâté de foie gras*, and mandarin liqueur. It was called the 'Baths of the Damned' on account of its geysers and hot sulphur springs, where people went to take the cure. There was an excellent hotel surrounded by olive and orange trees, and a garden with Roman relics. The bath-houses were attractive, too; the water clear and bubbling where geysers spouted over a hill on top of which conical mounds of sparkling mineral deposits made weird shapes, almost human. The cascade was unique, dropping down about ninety feet over a white and pink and yellow surface.

The Romans first built huge *thermes* at Hammam Meskoutine, which was called at that time *Aquæ Tibilitanæ*, because they were near to the ancient city of Tibilis. Then the French founded a settlement on the left bank of the Oued Chedakra. These health-giving springs and strange cascades, the pretty wooded country framed by mountains, together with a summery climate, make the spot extraordinarily attractive.

The strange shapes which the sulphur formations made, naturally found their explanation in story and legend. According to one of the tales, there was a rich Arab, Ali ou Kassem, the chief-



A STREET IN CONSTANTINE

tain of a great tribe known as the Beni Khelifa, which originally came from Mecca. Ali had a sister Ourida, which means the 'Little Rose.' 'She was as beautiful as any houri in all Mohammed's paradise,' says the legend. 'Her complexion was that of the dawn, her feet as light as those of her favorite gazelle, and her oval eyes sparkled like the stars on a dark night.'

Ali fell head over heels in love with his own sister. Marriage, of course, was forbidden by the law of the Prophet. Nevertheless Ali resolved to marry her, whether or not his faith permitted it. So he made all the preparations for a great marriage feast. He was so rich that he could provide *cous cous* in vast quantities, together with innumerable roast sheep and barbecued oxen for the entertainment of his guests. The fantasias, or military exhibitions, the musicians, singers, everything was ready. Even a marabout had been secured to celebrate the rite.

But when the holy man placed Ali's hand on his sister's head, according to the custom which concludes an Arab marriage, the sky suddenly became overcast. A flash of lightning severed the black clouds, and flames burst up from the earth

below. Even the rivers left their beds and plunged madly over the land. The blackness of night fell suddenly over all the earth and men hid themselves, mad with terror. .

At daybreak, on the morrow, not one man, living or dead, of all the tribe of Beni Khelifa could be found. Instead were curious twisted shapes of petrified mineral, which had never been seen before. In very truth, Ali, his sister Ourida, and the sacrilegious marabout, together with all the guests, had been turned into stone.

The Arabs apparently believe that the conical shapes that inhabit the valley of Hammam Meskoutine are the remains of the human beings who took part in this strange drama. Two of the cones, which seem to incline towards each other, are known as the 'Arab Marriage,' and another one represents the marabout. He is identified by a round mass at the top of the cone which looks like a turban wound about his head.

Furthermore, in order that this tragedy might remain as an everlasting lesson to the people, Allah has left all the fires, which were kindled for the wedding feast, still alight, and even the boiling water and steam still escape from the ground.

The tiny conical formations are, of course, the little balls of minced meat, or *cous cous*.

The Arabs have naïve views, most certainly, on geology, and their ideas concerning heat are just as odd. There is another legend in explanation of the hot water of the springs. 'King Solomon built baths all over the world and confided them to the keeping of persons who were blind, deaf, and dumb, so that they should not see, hear, or repeat anything which happened in these wonderful baths. Now it was obviously impossible to let these people know that Solomon died centuries ago, so æon after æon they go on stoking the fires, according to his orders. This explains how it is that the water was always boiling at Hammam Meskoutine, and always will be.'

The Arab is a born story teller, and being also of a race both adroit and inventive, there is a fictional explanation for everything that happens. The following, for instance, is a typical Arab tale:

Hurmuzan, an unbeliever, was brought into the presence of Omar, Commander of the Faithful, and called upon to profess el Islam. He refused and Omar gave orders for his execution.

Hurmuzan cried, 'O, before you kill me, give me a draught of water!'

So Omar ordered water for him, and the unbeliever asked, 'Am I safe until I have drunk it?'

'Safety is yours for that time,' answered Omar.

Thereupon Hurmuzan threw away the water, crying, 'Your promise, O Commander of the Faithful!'

Then Omar said to the executioner, 'Leave him until I find out what is to be done with him.'

As soon as the sword was removed, Hurmuzan exclaimed, 'I testify that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.'

Omar then asked, 'What caused thy delay in declaring thy belief?'

Hurmuzan answered promptly, 'I feared it might be reported that I had professed el Islam through dread of the sword.'

Not far from Hammam Meskoutine are the Roman ruins of Announa, the ancient Tibilis, rising from a rugged plateau. There is a lofty triumphal arch, and the remains of a wall on which figures have been chiselled as well as mosaics, figures, columns, the remains of a church,



SULTAN'S BALCONY, CONSTANTINE

and near by, at Guelma, a Roman theatre restored. We only glanced at them on our way, for we knew we were to see more remarkable ruins in Tunisia.

So on through the valley with its wide sweep of view we travelled — for throughout North Africa we had seen no fences — and so we came to Bône, a commercial French city. We motored by it and landed at a perfect little villa hotel on the side of a steep mountain, with hanging gardens and the scent of heliotrope in the air. It overlooked a small corsair harbor. We climbed to the Kasbah, now a French fort, to be rewarded by a superb view, and then wandered back through hedges of high cactus, coming across an Arab cemetery, the only really beautiful one we saw. There were flowering fruit trees and straight dark cypress lanes and a multitude of tombs of every size, many with the turban at the head place. Low walls of blue and white tiles, or tinted plaster washed a pale blue, surrounded them. It was a lovely place to rest in.

The manager of the hotel had been a well-known chef in Paris and the inventor of the famous 'Pomme Mignard.' Many of the Transatlantic hotels are managed by retired chefs and their

wives, which may account for the good dishes one finds at these stopping places.

Instead of going to Les Chênes the next day and visiting Dougga, we decided to make a long run of three hundred and ten kilometres directly to Tunis. We passed the customs and rolled on under huge old cork trees down to the plain. The land was not as richly cultivated as in Algeria, the people we met wore brighter colors. More men rode on horses and fewer on donkeys, and the mule wagons were larger and brightly painted, while the saddles were high and brass-nailed with little fringed aprons hanging from them. Now and then camel caravans lurched by.

The road to Tunis was rough and bumpy. Manouba was left behind, a summer resort of Deys and rich Tunisians, with its handsome villas and gardens. We reached Tunis, arriving at the Majestic Hotel in the Jewish part of the town, which happened to be crowded with people celebrating a wedding.

CHAPTER IX

Dust to Dust

WHAT was in store for us in Tunisia? The wonders of the Bardo Museum, the delight of viewing treasures unearthed at Carthage, the superb Colosseum of El-Djem rising from the plain in the south, the handsome mosques at Kairouan, the holy city, and a glimpse of the great Sahara.

Of course Tunis and Algiers are much more cosmopolitan than Fez. Like America, the North African coast has been a melting-pot of many races for generations. Unlike America, however, the religious convictions have remained absolutely unaltered during hundreds of years.

Tunis was built on level ground, and seemed more full of native color than Algiers. Nevertheless it was remarkable for its juxtaposition of all that is most modern to all that is centuries old. Only a gateway separated the French portion of the city, with its parks and boulevards and hotels and shops with all the latest Parisian fashions, from the native souks of an age-old civilization.

Our first evening here we wandered by the

light of flickering candles through the dark, narrow alleys of the Arab town. We came upon a square around which were many *cafés maures*, where hundreds of burnoosed men were drinking coffee on the sidewalk, or sitting in gloomy holes from which emerged the thin vibrant sound of a phonograph playing some Arabian melody. In the centre of the square was a French merry-go-round upon whose wooden horses perched grown men, their full white garments billowing in the breeze. There was not a woman to be seen except myself, and both passers-by and lookers-on were perfectly indifferent to me. I might have had on a mantle of invisibility. The Arabs are a strange people with some very nice qualities, some made up of contradictions, some very difficult to understand — and some very objectionable ones.

From the bazaars one may pass directly into the wide streets where the modern Beylical government has its palace, guarded by a big black soldier in a blue jacket and red trousers, not unlike the uniform of the French Zouaves. The old Bey is now in his eighties and has been ill, but lately, acting on the advice of his Moslem doctor, he has married a girl of fourteen. It is a Moslem

belief that age can be rejuvenated by youth. Our native guide had evidently seen too many unbelievers in the course of his profession, because he doubted that His Highness had been benefited by the marriage.

The Bey lives outside of Tunis, but he comes to his palace in town once a week, and looks out of his window down into the souks. His subjects stand there with petitions, which he hears and passes on, and then blesses the petitioners. The town residence is quite handsome, with the customary court, but no garden. There are, however, many marbles in it from Carthage. The audience chamber is small and holds a red throne. On this, the guide said, I should sit and make a wish, for if I did, it would certainly come true. Even Queen Victoria had sat on that red throne. The dining-room, I perceived, had apertures in the wall, some of which were so arranged that the Bey's wives could look in upon his feasts and yet remain unseen, and others so that they could gaze out into the souks.

From the roof we had a view of the white town, the distant hills, and the sparkling sea. It was just four o'clock and the priests in the minarets

were walking about the towers. We heard their voices float out over the air: 'Allah is great. I testify that there is no God save Allah, and Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah. Prayer is better than sleep. Come to prayer. Come to prayer.'

After our visit to the Bey's palace, I was taken into the harem of a rich Arab, who was said to own ten oil wells. Pigeons walked about the courtyard. The main room had an inlaid bed and cushions about the floor; it also had a table with some imitation flowers under glass, and a few other bits of bric-à-brac, more or less European. I was told that the master had only two wives, and I met them both. They were not pretty. They pointed to their belongings with pride and showed me the lace they were making. In the corner were two large, handsome silver boxes, which had been given to them by the bridegroom when he married them. The dining-room was bare except for a table, and they invited me to come again and have *cous cous* with them. They spoke French and had more liberty than the women in Morocco, and more education.

On our way back to the hotel we wandered down a picturesque alley where dyeing was going

on in small plaster vats. Different vegetable dyes of the country had been mixed with water, great skeins of wool had been put in, and a native slave was jumping up and down on the wet material in his bare feet. The method was primitive, but the colors lovely. The blue was the tint of the sky, the red of the poppies which grow in the fields.

The souks in Tunis were much like those in Fez, though wider and cleaner. Nor were they crowded with beggars, donkeys, and people, for it was Ramadan, or the Mohammedan Lent. Some were plaster passageways entirely covered overhead, and some were arched, like arcades with niched shops; some were roofed with rugs. A few of the shops had placed columns from the ruins of Carthage at their entrances, but since they had been painted in several colors, like barber poles, they contributed little Carthaginian atmosphere. Most of the leather for sale was embroidered, and not tooled, as in Morocco; consequently it was not nearly so attractive. The perfume merchant sold only the essence, and the purchaser had to mix it with alcohol himself. In other souks there were beautiful silk rugs and jewelry, and many bazaars besides were filled with European goods.

What had formerly been the slave market was pointed out to us. Here once the corsairs traded in human beings. Slaves are no longer sold in public and the existence of slavery is denied, but nevertheless it is practised to-day to a certain extent. It would be, naturally, under a feudal system. Yet strangely enough the Arabs here seemed to be becoming a bit Bolshevistic. They had not liked the French judge in Tunis and had gone on strike. It was drawing near election time and some trouble was expected. There was a rumor that the Italian *fascisti* had a hand in it. What with the uprisings in Egypt, Turkey, and Bulgaria, it looked as though the unrest was widespread. We saw prints for sale depicting Turks victorious over Christians, and other illustrations showing the crowds thronging past Lenin's tomb. Undoubtedly considerable Soviet propaganda was going on.

The Russo-Turkish treaty is said to contain a secret clause guaranteeing Soviet support to Kemal in case of war. The shelling of Damascus has inflicted a deep resentment that will not soon be forgotten. Egypt has had her way with Great Britain. France was for a time handicapped by



CARTHAGE

the jealousy of the Italians in Tripoli, and by the fear of Spain, lest she get too influential a foothold in North Africa.

In Jerusalem Ibn Saud, a Moslem fanatic, with fifty thousand followers, awakened the hope of all Arabia that the foreign domination might be cast out. He proclaimed as his ambition the creating of one vast Arab State for the whole Arabian peninsula, the autonomy of the holy places, Medina and Mecca, and, as soon as his dictatorship achieved sufficient power, he planned to call a Moslem world conference to determine the régimes which should govern all Mohammedan peoples. Thus are the lessons of the West adopted by the Near East. The situation is constantly shifting.

The excavations at Carthage, where we went next, for it is but a few miles from Tunis, were frankly disappointing. There was so little that one could see, and yet so many superb pillars and statues had come from there! On the other hand, from the standpoint of sheer beauty, the place was a climax to all we had seen. In the old days it had been a peninsula, almost surrounded by sea and lake, the color of the water a clear emerald green, the mountains rising out of the bay. Now

much of the old town is under water, and the first person who actually saw the ruins under the ocean was the pilot of an aëroplane.

The legend of its founding says that Dido, the Semitic Princess of Tyre, bought the land from the early dwellers by a trick. She asked for as much land as a bull's hide would enclose, and was granted it. Then she cleverly cut the hide into threadlike strips and sewed them together, so that the string reached across this marvellous point. Bringing with her men and gold, she sailed across from Tyre and settled there. The soil was rich and her people were good traders, so they all became the wealthiest people in the Mediterranean world, and prospered beyond their highest hopes.

After the second Punic War with Rome, Carthage was utterly destroyed, and Scipio's reiterated warnings to the Senate, '*Carthago delenda est*,' were finally heeded. Later, however, it grew up again and became the Roman capital of Africa. When the Vandals made their invasion, they did not destroy it, but kept it for their chief city. So it remained until the Arabs swept over it in the seventh century and laid it utterly waste. During the Roman occupation the walls were built of

great thickness, with apertures in them, so that any one excavating can quickly recognize what is Roman. These ruins are uppermost; down below them are the great stone blocks laid by the Phœnicians. We prowled around some Punic tombs. As a rule, they have triangular openings, and contain two sarcophagi, usually of marble, with jewelry in them, and traces of food.

We saw the amphitheatre where gladiatorial fights took place and Christian prisoners were thrown to wild beasts. There, too, was an underground chapel where the martyrs said their last prayers. Saint Perpetua and his companions were among them. The White Fathers, who have done much excavating, have put up a slab to their memory.

Their church stands on the highest point, and is built in the Byzantine style. It contains the tomb of Cardinal Lavigerie, and, because of the great esteem in which his work among the natives is held, no other Cardinal has ever been appointed to North Africa.

We met Father de Lattre in his white robes, with a red fez on his head. These White Fathers are much loved by the Arabs; they care for the

sick and their kindness is much appreciated. There is near by a sisterhood of praying nuns, who are very strictly cloistered and never go out.

The garden is filled with beautiful figures and capitals, a stone horse, urns, and other statuary. The museum has relics of the art and life of three thousand years ago — amulets, tear bottles, rouge for cheek and lip, and bluing for the eyes. There are lamps, rings, golden jewelry, and relics of the bones of the children who had been sacrificed to Moloch.

After this we visited an open-air theatre of olden days. A number of superb capitals are left, and much marble. But, as in most excavations, a great deal has been carried off by Arabs, and many specimens transported to different museums in foreign countries. Many coins and small relics have been appropriated by tourists. Fortunately this last practice has had an end put to it.

Then we started for the place where Count Byron Kuhn de Prorok was digging with the aid of the Franco-American expedition. First we met a gruff old fellow who was most disagreeable, but we said, 'We know the Count and wish to see him.' A most attractive young man, on the other hand,



THE GARDEN OF THE WHITE FATHERS IN CARTHAGE

was the Count, and it developed that only the day before some tourists had made their way in and taken something away with them. That was the reason that the old fellow was so annoyed with us, thinking we might be intending to do the same.

The Count is a lineal descendant of Lord Byron, and a poet himself, besides being an archæologist. A few years ago he came to America as the representative of the French Poetry Society, and laid a bronze wreath on Poe's grave with appropriate ceremonies. He also decorated the graves of those whom he considered the four other greatest Americans — Theodore Roosevelt, Buffalo Bill, Osceola the Indian Chief, and Mark Twain.

We noticed four Arabs digging near a house, and since that seemed to us a very strange place to excavate, we asked why. We were told that some Arab boys had been found selling coins which they admitted they had dug up, and which had been traced to that spot. The boom in Carthaginian real estate was making the cost of excavation most excessive, for some of the very desirable places for building sites offered also promising results to the antiquarians. The prices for land were rapidly rising, and unless the Government took

over very soon the territory where ancient Carthage lies underground and undisturbed, filled with untold art treasures, no research society could possibly afford to go on with the work.

A press notice told of finding children's bones. It ran: 'The bones of children sacrificed centuries ago to a goddess in ancient Carthage have been discovered in buried urns under the ruins of Rome's enemy city, by a Franco-American expedition. Hundreds of such urns were recently dug up below the site of the Temple of Tanit, or the Punic Venus, the goddess with the face of Baal, and are now awaiting examination by experts. Similar receptacles found in the neighborhood contain the remains of the martyred babies.' We saw one of these very urns disinterred while we were there. The article continues: 'The party is now engaged in the work of unearthing numerous tablets commemorating the periodical state sacrifices to the reigning goddess, worshipped by the people of the city, which was the greatest sea power in the days when Hannibal was threatening the grip of the Roman Consuls in the world empire.'

On our way back to Tunis we stopped at a spot not far from Carthage where lies the tomb of a

saint, Sidi Bou Said. For that reason it is a holy place and pilgrims come there every year — fanatics, who work themselves up into a religious frenzy, eat scorpions and broken glass without any apparent ill effects. Near it are pretty villas where rich Arabs spend their summers, but when we were there, the season had not arrived and the place was quiet and almost deserted. Monsieur Boulanger the artist had a villa overlooking the blue sea, a most exquisitely lovely spot.

In the Moslem cemetery there a green-tiled roof sheltered a grave whereon was a sort of cage with green candles set in a row, the whole structure surrounded by a fence. I was told that a woman was buried there, and this honor was paid her because she was a descendant of Mohammed. Beneath a white-domed marabout's tomb was a grave of white marble similar to those in other graveyards.

Just out of Tunis was the Bardo Museum, whose marvellous Carthaginian marbles were tremendously interesting. The Bey's palace made a superb setting for them, with its great court and its chamber with a huge, richly decorated dome. Both beneath our feet and upon the walls were enormous, magnificent mosaics, and placed about

effectively were endless statues and bronzes, unbelievably fine. Here one could compare the Punic, Roman, Vandal, and Arab relics. The Vandal treasures were few. Some of the most valuable articles had been brought up from a sunken vessel discovered at the bottom of the harbor.

Adjoining this building was the *Palais de Justice*, where the Bey dispenses justice of a sort. It is decorated with vari-colored marbles. The throne room was very handsome, and in the huge audience hall hung paintings of the different Tunisian Beys, some with long, fierce-looking beards, huge red fezzes, and voluminous trousers, and others in more modern, gold-decorated, diplomatic uniforms.

After a four-days sojourn, we bade good-bye to Tunis and its smells, and found our way out, bound for Zaghouan. From this place water is brought to Tunis — and in the old days to Carthage — by means of an aqueduct, parts of which we saw stalking across the landscape, which undulated upwards to its saw-toothed mountains silhouetted against the sky.

From there we motored toward Enfidaville, on our way coming suddenly upon a town in ruins.

We heard that its inhabitants had revolted against the Bey in 1860, and when he had properly defeated them, he laid the town in utter waste. Beyond it, a beautiful mountain rose out of a mist which shrouded the plain. Later we passed other mountains, smooth and gray like elephants' ears. Then came a hill village with a Roman gate perched upon it, and after that many Bedouin tent villages. Their inhabitants occasionally passed us on the road, travelling *en famille*, not only children, but little Bedouin babies and baby camels besides! Our old friends, the sheep and the goats, were there, but the sheep had broad tails and were white and fat. The women, mostly dressed in red and black, with large rings in their ears, bangles on their arms, and other silver jewelry, were pretty and unveiled. They seemed friendly and saluted us occasionally. One great caravan of a hundred camels moved past us, while now and then in the distance loomed up the mirage of a distant lake or sea.

On arriving at Enfidaville, the patron of the hotel showed us about the town, where he had lived for thirty years — a small French town with a very nice government building. When he first

came, he said, there was but one house, large and white, with blue doors and ironwork and great vines of bougainvillea, belonging to a rich Arab. He had sold his estate, which was covered with olive trees, to a French company.

It takes about eight years for olive trees to develop enough to bear fruit, but they live to a ripe old age, bearing steadily if well cared for. The hotel patron showed us the olive factory, where the fruit is crushed by machinery, stones and all. Three huge millstones, slowly turning round, perform this part of the work. Then steam pressure is used to further the process, and what is left of the pulp is again crushed. Another industry of the place was the raising of mules and cattle. By crossing the ordinary cattle with small Indian bullocks they had produced a fine stock.

Our next stop was at Kairouan, a town wholly enclosed by a crenellated wall in a good state of repair. As Moulay Idris is the holy city of Morocco, so this town is the great shrine of Tunisia. Here the sect of the Aïssaouns perform their bloody rites. We did not see them, for nothing was going on while we were there, but our chauffeur said that once when he was motoring through with an Eng-

lishwoman, a ceremony was in process in a nearby court. They drew close to it and looked on. The fanatics were working themselves up until they reached a condition somewhat like that of an epileptic, and were hardly conscious of any feeling at all. But, as in India, the devotees were said to indulge in tricks occasionally, in order to deceive the onlookers. The English girl remarked that she thought they were only pretending. Apparently one of them overheard her and understood, for coming quite close to her, he slashed his stomach horribly. She fell down in a dead faint, and the chauffeur had to carry her to her motor, and take her back to the hotel before she regained consciousness.

Around a courtyard of a mosque the doors to some cells were pointed out, in which students were living. Their study was the Koran. We were told that they never went out, but stayed there all their lives until they died. Their food was put through a hole for them to take. They were not unlike some Catholic orders. Many pilgrims came to this place. Two huge artificial basins of water, which had once been reservoirs, now served the pilgrims for bathing places in hot weather, as

the French had recently piped water into the town.

We were told that there were about four hundred mosques, some of them small ones with lovely minarets. One mosque is named after the saint, Zaouia, a friend of Mohammed, nicknamed 'The Barber,' because he carried about with him a reliquary containing three hairs of the beard of the Prophet. Still another marabout tomb did we visit. The grave underneath the white dome was rather tawdry, a box of painted wood with posts and flags and glass balls and painted candles. This especial marabout, being gifted with second sight, had told where there lay hidden beneath the sea two very large Phœnician anchors. They were found in the spot he indicated and brought to Kairouan. His enormous bed, his pipe, and his huge sword were all shown us. We peeped into a little mosque which was quite a gem, and a great mosque which reminded me of Cordova. Its courtyard was very large with massive Carthaginian pillars.

Sousse, our next stopping-place, was once a Phœnician port, and here we spent the night. A few boats lay in the harbor, a small foreign town

adjoined the city, and in the Kasbah on the hill-top French soldiers were garrisoned.

The next morning, after watching a snake charmer with a flute charm a wicked cobra just outside the hotel, we wandered through the souks, but found nothing different from what we had already seen. On the heights of Sousse, however, were catacombs, where, as in Rome, Christians had fled for safety during the persecutions. Seven galleries were packed with tombs arranged in tiers of three, one on the top of the other. Seldom did one bear a name, though a few had slabs, and some had been opened so as to exhibit the bones. One tomb held a mother and three children, as if all had died in an epidemic. When a gallery was completely filled with tombs, it was cemented up, so that it could be concealed. The pagan burial places were near by.

Then came El-Djem. This huge Roman ruin of a colosseum rises from a level plain and can be seen from a great distance. It is the finest ruin in Tunisia, though partly destroyed during the seventeenth century by a Bey when he was putting down a revolt. In the Roman days it was used for sports, chariot races, and combats. Sub-

terranean passages can be seen, and the dens for lions and other savage beasts. Above the ground rise seven tiers of arches with seats running all the way round. I felt rather at home, and as if about to see a game at the Harvard Stadium.

At the base of the colosseum is a small village near which Arabs could be seen ploughing with a pointed stick hitched to a camel. The white camels are considered sacred. When any of these beasts of burden are grazing, they are often hobbled, the fore and hind legs being tied together. If a motor whizzes by, there is great excitement. The Arab owner in his white garments flies about, trying to get the animals off the road — no easy task, for the bewildered creatures could only hop on their hobbled legs.

Sfax, where the Arabs first entered Tunis, is a fishing community, and part of it a new and attractive French town. Many of its inhabitants claim descent from Mohammed, and formerly it was the starting-point of a caravan route into Central Africa. It was once the seat of Sicilian occupation, and later, in the sixteenth century, the Spaniards controlled it. It was not finally subdued till after the French bombardment in 1881.



RUINS AT EL-DJEM

We wandered in the young moonlight, through narrow, mysterious streets, thronged with shrouded figures. We peered into the recessed cafés, the barber shops crowded with all kinds of befezzed and beturbaned shapes, lying down, squatting, and either sipping coffee or minted tea, or else smoking *narghiles*. The cafés, like the coffee houses in Queen Anne's London, each had its own type of frequenters. One café was resorted to by fishermen, where nets and trappings on the wall bespoke their trade; another by merchants, and in still another officials foregathered.

Another evening we spent at an Arab *café chantant*. The stage was a rough wooden platform in an enclosed courtyard. The performance was already going on, and the place was filled with Arabs and Bedouins, high class and low class. Few French were there; only three or four, I should say. We had chairs next to the stage, and on one side of us sat an Arab swell, with a silver-handled cane and a jewelled watch-chain. He was a man of twenty-five or so, and we were told that he was very wealthy, having made money in wool, and having lately bought up all the date crop in

Tozeur. He already had three wives, and after Ramadan was over, he was intending to take a fourth, who was rich in her own right and whom he was going to establish in a house of her own with European furniture. The following day we were taken to see it, a modern dwelling with a court, balconies, bedroom, dining-room, and so on, with the usual tiles.

On the other side of L. at the *café chantant* was a big dark handsome man dressed in European clothes. He seemed inclined to be friendly, and translated the naughty songs to my husband. He proved to be a Jew. There were four musicians playing respectively upon a small organ, a flute, a sort of mandolin, and a tom-tom or *tatidja*. This latter instrument is a small vase-shaped drum, the beating of which accompanies the Arab dancer or singer.

Two women sang and danced. One was young and stout; her huge mauve brocade Turkish trousers, made full in front and skimpy behind, made her look even stouter. For a bodice she had something which resembled a striped jersey, and over her silk stockings she wore high-heeled French slippers. Her hair was bobbed; her face,

with very little make-up on it, rather nice. In various songs she impersonated different types of men in a deep contralto voice, and later she did the *danse du ventre*. They said she was a Jewess from Algiers.

The other was a slight pale girl with dark hair and eyes, and was very popular. Her trousers were of silk plaid, her waist embroidered; she wore many very ugly pieces of European jewelry and made eyes at all the men. She was only eighteen. Her story was that she had been married off by her father to a man whom, of course, she had never seen before. After the ceremony she discovered that he was seventy years old, so she took her jewels and ran away to Tunis, where she went on the stage. Her salary was only forty francs an evening. The typical Tunisian actress is generally a divorced woman.

The songs were about the same type that one would hear at a French *café chantant*. The Arab music had more melody in it than I expected, but the dances were tiresome and all very much the same. Waiters passed around coffee, minted tea, tobacco, pipes, and *kief*, a sort of hasheesh, to smoke.

The townspeople, too, were not all distinctively Arab. One would pass in the street various queer-looking people. Here would be three white-robed Arabs, tall and dignified, talking to a gesticulating Frenchman. There would wander by an old French sailor, leading a little dark-skinned girl by the hand. He would be dressed in an odd mixture of European clothes, Arab burnoose over his shoulders, a knitted cap on his head, Arab slippers on his feet, and no stockings. Next might come a smartly dressed young girl, arrayed in the latest Paris style, her skirts short, her slippers high-heeled, and her stockings of pale silk. Rich Arabs and poor Arabs, motors, donkeys, and bicycles, all sorts and conditions of men and vehicles pass by in this pretty, far-away, cream-colored town.

One morning we visited an Arab clinic conducted by a doctor who had studied in Italy. It was held in a dirty but rather attractive old court, where a Minister of State had once lived. The walls were constructed of the usual tiles and antiquated woodwork. In several recesses lay sick men covered with their burnouses. The physician said it was not exactly a hospital; that there was no Arab hospital in the town, only the French

military one. He was the one Arab doctor in the place, and when people could pay him, they did; when they couldn't, he gave his services, for the Bedouins especially were very poor and had only the tents wherein they lived. If it was necessary, he allowed the patients to lie there in the clinic, occupying the holes in the wall, but they had to provide their own food. Most of his cases were either abscesses or eye troubles. Sometimes he amputated, and for these occasions he had a small operating-room upstairs. Here, as in most towns, if there was a really critical case, it was sent to Tunis, provided it was possible.

We attended also a local court, over which a *cadi* was presiding on a platform, assisted by men versed in the law of the Koran. Plaintiffs and defendants sat about on benches waiting for their cases to be called. Some veiled women squatted in a hole at one side, a place we should call a cellar.

The first case to be summoned was an appeal for a divorce. The woman had her advocate, and her husband, who was quite old, had his. The judge heard them both. The woman spoke first, telling her story, and then the man told his, both lawyers breaking in constantly. She said he had

beaten her, taken another wife, and thereafter paid no attention to her. In fact, she knew he wished to divorce her. The judge ordered her to return to her husband, but warned the man that if he beat his wife again, he would have to go to prison.

The next case was that of a young couple. The wife said her husband had been ill and unable to work, so that they had been out of money. She gave him her jewels to pawn, with the understanding that when he could work again, she would get them back. He recovered, but for a month he gave neither her nor their children any money at all, and then she found out from another woman that he had taken a second wife and given her all the first wife's jewels. The judge ordered the husband to return the trinkets and give his wife money for the month during which he had failed to provide for her. Nor did he grant them a divorce.

On we went to a higher court. Here was a large room with benches filled with Arabs. The judge sat behind a table on a raised platform, much as they do in our courts, with clerks and interpreters. The first case which came up was that of a small,

evil-looking Moroccan, probably a Riffian. The French lawyer pleaded in his behalf at great length and with many gesticulations, declaring that the Moroccan had done no harm, but had been merely found walking late at night near a restaurant. When the Arab policeman, a superb, great creature, who was there in the court, told the accused to halt, the poor man had naturally become frightened and had run away. Surely people could not be arrested when they had committed no crime! Then it developed that the Moroccan had thrown stones, put up a fight, and made it necessary for the policeman to summon help. It was a first offence, so the Moroccan was given only sixteen days in jail.

The second case was that of a boy accused of stealing olive oil. He had made a duplicate key and entered a cellar for the purposes of stealing. Found guilty, the judge sentenced him to three months in prison.

The third case dealt with a man who had been arrested several times on various petty charges, and had made his escape somehow or other from his cell. Each time he was brought up in court, he had given a different *alias*. The hearing went

very quickly; the case had been gone into thoroughly, had probably been through a lower court, and then brought by appeal to the upper bench. The man was remanded to prison once more.

At our Sfax hotel the French proprietor had a small eight-year-old daughter. Sometime before our arrival there, he had come across a donkey in the streets, a terribly beaten and abused little creature. He was so starved and maltreated that the Frenchman bought him of his cruel Arab owner for a tiny sum, just to save the poor beast from further abuse, and also to give his child a playmate. The donkey, when fed and cared for, not only got well and fat, but became absolutely devoted to the little girl. Indeed, the parents let the donkey look out for her, exactly as if he were a Saint Bernard dog. And no dog could have been more intelligent.

Evidently the donkey never forgot his former owners, for he would not let any Arab come near the child, striking out with his heels, or biting, if they did so. In fact he was chary of permitting any one to approach his charge, behaving exactly as if she belonged exclusively to him, though his prejudices against white people were not so marked.

His devotion to the child was an amazing example of intelligence and gratitude, and very touching.

At first the Arab clothes appeared to me to be most uncomfortable, but after I became accustomed to them, they seemed suitable for these people and this climate. The white burnoose can be washed, and so can the undergarments and the turban. The latter keeps the hair from dust, and so does the burnoose, which can be drawn over the head for protection against either sun or rain. And the billowing draperies are very graceful.

But the poverty and dirt and blind beggars were really distressing. It was all so hopeless. They would even lie in the dirt along the roadside and sleep. I wanted to gather all the suffering ones together and give them a good meal, and then, with a little deadly perfume, let them go to sleep forever. I should have liked to see all the Arab streets and passageways thoroughly flooded with a hose through which disinfectants could be poured. To have been a Sultan with all his power, as in the old days, and to have been a good Sultan, would have been an interesting problem. The longer I stayed and the more I learned of Moslem

ways, and came to understand the effect of the climate on the people, even though I was shocked at their ignorance and laziness, the wiser old Mohammed seemed, for he did not expect too much of them.

This was such an old part of the world, and we visited so many graveyards, and watched so many funeral processions, that the words of the burial service, 'dust to dust,' kept coming to my mind. A succession of peoples have lived and built great empires and died. They have flourished for a while, and then disappeared, swallowed up in the dust of ages, until little remains to tell their story — a few ruins, some buried treasures, and dark, shadowy catacombs. Even the Arabs may soon be gone, and already they seem half asleep in the dust and sand which covers their country.

CHAPTER X

The Land of Thirst

OUR path lay to the southwest, for we had planned to see only the French colonies in North Africa: so we failed to visit Tripoli, over which in 1911 the Turkish crescent was replaced by the Italian flag. Although it has every shade and variety of human complexion, there are more pure blacks there than are found in the French colonies. Ruins, too, are found in Tripolitania, and great mountains. Corsair traditions interweave her history, while in towns and cities the power of Mohammed is proclaimed from mosque and minaret.

In spite of the fact that we had to miss this ancient land on the edge of the Libyan Desert, we felt, when we left Sfax, that the climax of our adventures was still to come, for we were going to cross the Sahara. The region of fear, the land of thirst, dunes marching in the wind-storms, fountains in the sand in mirage and in reality — these were ahead of us. In the oasis, encircled by tents, we were to see the OuLed Nails, those

'roses of delight,' posture to the rhythmic beat of the *tatidja* and the silvery note of the flute.

One evening in early April we took the night train for Tozeur, having said good-bye to our chauffeurs, who were to motor over the road and meet us at Biskra. The following morning we saw the sun rise over the gray desert, while we heated some coffee on the car for our breakfast and shared it with two Frenchmen, our fellow travellers of the night. Meanwhile we listened to ominous tales of automobiles which had overturned in the dunes, and stranded tourists who had had to walk many miles through a wind-storm of cutting, lacerating sands to their destination, and of a misguided lady who undertook to pet a donkey, only to have it kick out and break her knee cap. We concluded that, although we had something to look forward to, caravaning over the Sahara might have its drawbacks.

Gazing out of the window of the train as it rumbled along, we saw the workmen's houses at Metlouai, looking just like factory dwellings in the United States. Here were phosphate deposits, and carloads were being hauled away in freight trains. Except for camels grazing on tufts

of camel grass, the lay of the land resembled New Mexico, with its bare mountains in the distance.

The workers here were of different nationalities, and prone to violent outbreaks when things went wrong. In May, 1905, there was a terrible affray, we were told, and the cruelties inflicted on the living and wounded were indescribable. Even the dead were mutilated. Norman Douglas has summed up the Arabs in a series of adjectives, calling them 'a suave, pleasant, crafty, vindictive, uneducated, debased, and dirty people.' Not far from Metlouai are the gorges of Seldja, deep and narrow, but very beautiful. Scorpions and cobras infest them.

On arriving at Tozeur the two Renault desert motors with their six hard wheels apiece, which had been ordered many weeks in advance, did not appear. We learned that we could not start that day, as we expected, and in fact that there would be only one motor after all. So we passed the night in the little hotel, and consoled ourselves by riding on mules and ponies along the canals and about the oases. Most oases, as a rule, are owned by one man, though the manager also has a share in the profits. The laborers are paid a

small sum by the day for gathering the fruit, and our native guide, to show how they did it, climbed a tall date tree with great agility. There were several springs and seven miles of date palms. Here, as about Carthage, deeply buried in the sand, Phœnician blocks of stones could be found. The village houses were made from dried bricks, placed in decorative designs. Only in Tozeur and Nefta did we see such patterned brickwork.

At half-past six the following morning five of us, our chauffeur, and all our luggage besides, were piled into the desert motor, which carried in addition spades, matting, and a windlass which could be operated by the motor's engine between the dumb irons. These last were to be used in case we got stalled during some sand-storm among the dunes.

We left the seething market-place, and presently began to cross the *chotts*, which are dried-up ocean beds, where in the ancient days the fleets of lost 'Atlantis' rode at anchor. Farther to the south is Djerba, the land of the Lotus Eaters, whom Ulysses found and Tennyson immortalized. It is a rolling, cultivated agricultural coun-



THE OASIS OF TOZEUR

try, with palms and olive trees, but no lotus plants and little water. Some one has suggested that Homer perhaps meant a certain fiery intoxicating liquor, made from the *jujubier*, a sweet, native fruit. So potent is this liquor that Alexander Powell says he could well understand the strange actions attributed to Ulysses — no wonder he forgot his friends in Hellas and lost his ambition to go back and rebuild Troy.

In the south also are the troglodytes or mole men. Their capital is in the Tunisian Sahara in the region of the Syrtes, southwest of Gabes, and is called Bled Kebiraon. It lies on a plateau in the midst of an isolated mountain range called the Matmata. The people are Moslems, and probably of Berber stock, and it is said that they were led there by a woman, El-Kahena, who met her death when El-Djem was attacked by the Arabs. They are an ancient race and spoken of by Herodotus and Aristotle.

They do not live in caves, but in pits, which they dig down to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and then they hollow out the adjoining earth into rooms and slanting tunnels and passageways — all of which are damp with moisture. Their apart-

ments are whitewashed and clean, and often are decorated with simple emblems, such as Fatima's hand. They even keep animals down there and provide stable room for them far under the earth. Both men and beasts enter and leave by inclined tunnel ways. The chief advantage of these dwellings lies in the fact that they are warm in winter and cool in summer. Protection, too, is ensured from marauding bands, which still sweep down upon them from the desert.

Another type of troglodyte dwelling is above the ground, and a whole township of them may be found in Medenine, close to the Tripolitanian border. They rise abruptly from the ground, closely packed in rows and squares, unlike any other habitation.

'Seen from a distance,' says Powell, 'they look as much as anything else like enormous sewer pipes of grayish concrete, ten feet in diameter, a few ranged in rows on the ground, but most of them stacked in tiers, which in some cases rise to a height of half a hundred feet. . . . A row of them looks like a series of inverted U's. . . . Perhaps they might best be compared to the tiers of burial vaults which are to be seen in an Italian

campo santo. . . . Being built of masonry, they cannot be burned down; the walls are of such thickness as to be capable of resisting anything short of shell-fire; they are so arranged in squares and rows that a withering cross-fire can be brought to bear upon assailants, and they are easy to defend.'

Nefta, a short distance from Tozeur, is called 'La Corbeille,' with its figs, lemons, apricots, pomegranates, and a hundred and fifty-two springs. The Egyptians are said to have introduced the date into this region. A legend declares that once the water here was cold and fresh, but that one day a marabout, not in the best of tempers, spit into it, and it has been warm and rather malodorous ever since.

At Nefta was the customs house, for we were soon to leave Tunisia behind us and enter Algeria again. While our luggage was being inspected, we climbed out of the car and wandered about through narrow lanes swarming with people, all of whom seemed to have eye trouble. It was a rarity to see a person with two good eyes. We strolled past the rushing water where the villagers were washing their clothes, or else taking a bath, sitting quite naked in the stream. In the market-

place inhabitants were killing sheep, dressing and selling the mutton.

The customs inspection over, back into the car we got, and then went on, penetrating deeper and deeper into the desert. There were changes in the structure of the houses in the few small villages we passed. The walls were thicker and the roofs domed, so as to keep the inside of the dwelling cool. The occupants seemed excited to see a motor, and would rush out and salute us, and the children creep up to touch the wheels or beg for a ride. I was glad to see that the Arabs could be human, for usually we found them very indifferent to strangers.

After circling round to the top of a white sand dune, where the sun was burning hot but the air cool, we stopped for a picnic lunch. The place, except for us, was utterly devoid of life, save for some beetles crawling out of their holes in the sand in search of food. The flat *bled*, or country, with its camel grass, was left behind, and a snowy world of sand surrounded us. After luncheon, our adventurous chauffeur, Clemenceau by name, picked out the steepest spot to descend, a drop of forty feet or so. We remonstrated a little, not

wishing to have the machine break down or upset, leaving us stranded in the wastes. But he was not to be deterred, so we thought he wished to do some sort of stunt; later we realized he was only preparing us for what was to come. Over the top we went, holding on for dear life, and fortunately reached the bottom safely. It seemed that there had been some severe sand-storms, and soon we found that the so-called 'walking sands' had not only been walking, but running and changing the entire lay of the land. One moment we were perched on a crest; in another, we had plunged into a hollow out of which we never expected to rise.

The tracks of a motor which had gone ahead of us only the day before had entirely disappeared. There were no landmarks to follow. The wind began to blow. Glasses, veils, and handkerchiefs were put on, while the sand swirled around us so that we could hardly see. One moment we rushed at a silvery mound, the chauffeur standing up in the machine as we reached the top; the next moment we wondered, as we took the drop on the other side, if we were not drawing our last breath in this world. Certainly it was an adventure calculated to give any one a thrill.

Finally we came in sight of the little village of El-Qued, where all the children raced out to watch us and to try to hang on to the back of the car. Our chauffeur, to give them a lesson, suddenly turned the motor round and chased them. They screamed and ran, half laughing, half frightened. Then he swung us around into the lee of a great sand dune, which a wind-break of palms had stopped in its march, and we came upon a dozen or more tents ranged in a circle like army tents about a larger one in the centre, where sitting about a table were two young girls in riding-breeches and a nice American man. This was our destination, and here we camped.

I enjoyed it all hugely, the excitement of the trip, the camp life, and the very good dinner served in the tent to thirteen people, for meanwhile other travellers appeared. When the fatal number sat down together, I wondered if all of us would get out of the desert alive. El-Qued, where this encampment was, proved to be a tiny village, serving as an outpost for French soldiers. Their barracks had slits or loopholes for guns, and outside, soldiers were training a wild Arab pony. In the distance I could see an Arab mounted on a

prancing horse silhouetted against the sky, his white garments flying in the wind.

As has been said before, these people are not conspicuous for their kindness to animals, and here we found that the native boys were in the habit of catching birds for pets, cutting their wings and putting fibre around their beaks, so that they could not peck. The American girls bought two from their tormentors and set them free.

One can pick up in the desert little rock crystals, made by the hand of Allah to look like glittering roses. They are called 'the flowers of the desert.'

To amuse the tourists some dancers were procured, and they entertained us by the light of a lamp in the big tent, which was fixed up prettily with carpets and hangings. An attractive Bedouin, in a black flowing robe and many scarfs, first postured in front of each member of the circle of guests who sat about the edge of the tent. The movement of her bare feet was barely perceptible, but her hips twitched first this way and then that. Another dancer, with a broad-cheeked countenance and little crosses tattooed all over it, fol-

lowed with a somewhat similar performance. She was dressed in red. A fat woman in high-heeled shoes, evidently wearing French corsets, went through the same contortions. The best of all the dancers was a young girl of sixteen, who smoked and chewed something most of the time. She wiggled very well, and had the muscles of her hips and back and stomach under wonderful control. An Arab boy, who also danced cleverly, wanted to be her partner, but she would not let him. We thought there must be some sort of a love affair going on. An amusing negro in white hopped about with a stick, and all the while the *tatidja* and flute continued their wild, plaintive, fascinating music. The whole exhibition was interesting but without much variety.

The entire village turned out to escort the dancers home across the sand, playing and clapping in the moonlight. Over the silvery drifts they climbed until they were out of sight, and in the distance we could still hear their music floating through the quiet of the night. No doubt they kept it up till early morning, for it was Ramadan and they could feast and carouse till daybreak, provided they fasted through the day.

It was the evening of Palm Sunday that we passed in the tents at El-Qued, with the full moon flooding the white ocean of sand. The next morning we were up bright and early, and off at half-past six, careering up and down the dunes, getting stuck, backing out, and then taking another turn. This time our American acquaintances followed us, so we were able to help each other.

As our journey continued, we noticed some little oases with date palms nestling in the hollows between the drifts, and near them small vegetable gardens and wells. At last we came to a village where a marabout lived. He was very rich and ruled this part of the Sahara. We were surprised, after winding in and out of the passageways leading between the little stone houses, to find a somewhat imposing dwelling. It was his, and very nice, having bronze doors with wrought iron work, chiselled plaster around the entrance, and handsome pillars. His brother, a keen, good-looking man, met us and escorted us into a garden where gazelles wandered about in an enclosure. Then we were conducted to an inner court, its plaster walls brilliantly painted.

The old marabout finally received us himself,

having heard, perhaps, that L. had been an ambassador. He was, I should judge, about sixty, and rather darker in complexion than we expected. Under his plain white burnoose he seemed to be wearing a brown corduroy jacket. His face was both kindly and wise; he himself was exceedingly courteous, speaking a very few English words and but little French.

We were first escorted to a small and rather pretty mosque, not yet finished, but of which the holy man seemed very proud. Then we were taken to an old mosque, where in the courtyard upon the dust sat ten little boys with their teacher. They all had slates with verses from the Koran inscribed on them, which they were learning by reciting them over and over aloud.

At last we were invited into the marabout's house, built in much the same style as the Moorish houses, having a long room with an alcove in the centre, around which were cushions either to sit or to sleep upon. He set his music box going, which played to us the 'Carnival of Venice.' There were two clocks — not running, of course; but the beds, which one always saw at either end of a chamber in Morocco, were missing. The

Duke of Vendôme had stayed at this house, and all the representative people whom the marabout desired to see.

During the Great War, this holy man sent many soldiers from his territory to the front. His people rose instantly at a signal from him, so it was well that he liked the French. There were a few photographs on the wall, including a picture of his grandfather's tomb, and one of the grandfather himself, who had also been a marabout. We sat upon the divan and were served minted tea and sweet cakes on a low brass tray. Then we made our adieux and were off.

Our chauffeur seemed to enjoy leaving the *piste* whenever there was a chance, and climbing the great hillocks at random. Everything was so heavenly white that I thought of Elijah and his fiery chariot driving among the snowy clouds at sunset.

Finally we reached Touggourt, a town where one may wander for a number of miles through dusky passageways, almost as dark as the catacombs. In the square is a busy market-place where interesting pottery and many other things are sold. Overlooking the square is a beautiful low building with countless arcades.

We found comfortable lodgings at the hotel, where as I tapped my typewriter, I heard some one else tapping next door. Later I found it to be the writer, Colonel Alexander Powell, and he and his daughter came in to see us, showing us a desert baby fox which she had bought, the smallest, fluffiest, sweetest thing I ever saw.

At that moment we heard a great hubbub going on in the street beneath our windows. I looked out to see a spotless young man in riding-clothes descending from a camel. The driver hit the beast's knees; down he went, sitting on his hind legs with an awkward lurch, and the young man looked for a moment as if he were going to slip over the camel's insignificant tail. But he recovered himself and dismounted properly. A dress-suit case came off another camel and the crowd gathered. Alongside came a baby camel, obviously in a hurry to have his mother get up so he could have some milk. Discussion arose over the money the foreigner gave the camel driver and his guide, the crowd enthusiastically joining in. The excitement increased, but in the midst of it the young man calmly strutted off, the crowd following him, and all yelling at him and at each other.

Now when Arabs fight, they deal heavy blows, and so did the partisans on this occasion. A tremendous row ensued. The camel driver slunk off crying, but finally the police arrived and settled matters.

Not far from Touggourt and on the edge of the desert are the tombs of kings, all under a great white dome. Our Berber guide made a prayer as he entered. We found that the half-educated guides with whom we came in contact did not appreciate what the French had done for them, though perhaps their attitude was a natural one. They seemed to think that their country would progress more rapidly under the protection of some other nation, and that they would make more money and be better treated. On the other hand, it seemed to me that the French Protectorate gave more consideration to native welfare than some of the other Great Powers did.

The sun set over the desert's edge. Every night, no matter where we were, we would mount, if possible, to some roof, or climb to the top of a sand dune to watch the great red disk sink below the earth, and hear the bang of the sunset gun. When a seventy-five was used, the house would

shake, and visions of the Great War would come before our eyes. Then would float out upon the air the musical, mysterious call of the muezzin. From the hotel roof in Tozeur we looked over tall feathery date palms and white sands. At El-Qued we climbed over the edge of a mighty sand dune, realizing that at any moment we might slip and slide and roll to the bottom, but even the thought of serpents' stings and scorpions did not deter us. Monsieur Baptiste confided to us that he carried an antidote for such occasions, having formerly been a miner in America and used to encountering rattlesnakes.

At Touggourt the sunset sky, dissolving into an afterglow, became a purple above the pink and blue, like the mixing of colors in a cup of dye. At Biskra, where we next stopped, the west resembled a Roman scarf; first a stripe of green, then the yellow of muddy waters — the ochre banks of a river bed — and above the pink and blue of the heavens. As we gazed, we murmured, 'Very beautiful, but the sunsets from our hill at home are quite as lovely to us.' So I determined that just because I was in a strange and remote land, I would not paint in flowery and extrava-

gant language these places and people as some authors have done, but would try to give an exact picture of what I saw and felt and did.

Late one afternoon we roamed through the Garden of Allah, a lovely place laid out by the Count Landon de Longueville. I had been told that I should be disappointed; nevertheless, I brought away a vivid impression of great beauty. There were narrow lanes, all dark and cool, with gurgling waterways below us and feathery green branches above. Birds called to each other, and in the distance a strange Arab air was faintly wafted to us on the clear notes of the flute. A turn in the path brought us to an arch, through which we saw a vista of wine-colored mountains beyond the brown plain, and camels wending their way to the great desert. Around another corner we discovered a green nook, and there, half hidden on the ground, sat a handsome son of Allah telling the fortune of a pretty lady by means of shifting sand in a little box.

In our wanderings through the Arab portion of Biskra, we came upon a narrow street lined with masarebia balconies, over which were hanging gaily dressed *filles de joie*, the OuLed Nails, and

below them promenaded some of their sisters in bright-colored muslin gowns, gold head-dresses, golden belts and bracelets, anklets and necklaces. In spite of little tattoo marks on their faces, a number of them were very pretty. They were doing a little shopping, or else chatting with Arab men. Rather fortunately for him, we came upon a young good-looking foreigner grappling with two angry Arabs. When the natives saw L.'s big frame and his walking-stick loom up, they stopped without saying a word, while the young man walked off. Somehow it was unpleasant, and just what they were up to it is hard to say.

Biskra has been called a neurasthenic *demi-mondaine*, and especially so she seemed to us, when one night we went to a room in the Arab part of the town to see the performance of what is called the bloody sect of worshippers. The head of this sect lives at Setif, but in that town their antics are not allowed to be displayed before foreigners. Only occasionally are they permitted in Constantine and Biskra. Then admission is asked, and the performers give a sort of exhibition for tourists. It was to one of these that we went. The room



OULED NAILS, BISKRA



STREET OF THE OULED NAILS

was decorated with the usual variety of colored tent draperies, and here and there sat a few foreigners.

A half-naked man was brandishing a bunch of burning straw, beating his chest and arms with it, and dancing like a dervish. Then he flung himself down on the floor, utterly exhausted, with the burning straw blazing upon his stomach. This was quickly snatched off by an accomplice, and the affair on the whole not very alarming. We were told that he desired also to stick needles into himself, but the other tourists declared they did not wish to see him. A second Arab took from a small bag a scorpion and held it in his bare hand, letting it crawl about his arm. By the light of a match we could see its tail and sting quickly moving in and out. Then he took two more of these poisonous creatures from his bag, and played with them. After this the exhibition ended. We had seen far more wonderful and extraordinary stunts of this sort in India.

On we went to another house where the *Ouled Nails* were dancing and musicians playing. A number of foreigners were looking on, among them four old girls, Polish apparently, and much

interested. One dancer, fat, old, and dressed in red, had many gold ornaments, some pretty, some not. They took turns at the *danse du ventre*, and so did a man dressed as a woman, and on the whole they were rather tiresome. Then a very black man, with a fox head-dress and foxes' tails hung about his waist, danced and beat a *tatidja* at the same time, going about the ring of spectators, inviting them to put money in his mouth. He ate the coins with apparent relish, sticking his tongue in and out, and licking his chops. Observing him closely, we noticed that he coughed from time to time, putting his hand up politely, removing the coins, and dropping them in a small high pocket in his blouse. He must have made a small fortune before the evening was over. We found him rather amusing, for he made us think of a tourist we had met, who boasted she had bought at Biskra nineteen catskins and a jackal's hide.

Leaving Biskra the morning of the eighth of April, we crossed the brown desert, with the usual tufts of camel grass, a few wells, an occasional oasis of palms, and some deserted mud houses. Near the great mouth of the Sahara was the gorge

through which all had to pass. Bandits once infested it, but now a few flocks and Bedouin tents were all we encountered. We looked for the mountain of salt and the alabaster mines we had heard about, but we saw only a great red sandstone castle built by Mother Nature. We passed the guard house on the top of the hill, the black village where the Senegalese troops were stationed, the red village, and then arrived at El-Cantara, built right in the gorge itself, with a post-office, a hotel, and a little garden. Here we stopped for luncheon, waiting until it was ready beside a well, while a group of small children, round-eyed, watched me as I took out my typewriter and began tapping.

Artists would have liked this place. A high mountain cliff towered behind me, and around the courtyard of the little hotel grew palms, cypresses, and eucalyptus trees. Pruned mulberry trees, their branches like giant grapevines, rose into the sky. The place was reminiscent of little villages in Italy, which lie in the hollow of mountain valleys.

El-Cantara was called by the Romans 'The Heel of Hercules,' for that god is said to have

kicked a hole in the mountains with his foot. It is also called 'The Gate of the South,' and a Roman bridge, said to have been restored in Napoleon's time, still stands there with the 'N' upon it. The Arabs say that the mountains stop the clouds and the rain dies here. On one side of the divide it is summer; on the other, winter. Above is the Tell, dark with shades of rain; below is the Sahara, brilliant with rose color.

As we drew near Batna we witnessed a fantasia, which was being given in honor of a departing colonel. After the manoeuvres, they passed through a gateway, returning to their *casernes*. Smart French officers led a full regiment of Spahis, dressed in tall, brown-bound white turbans, full white robes, brick-red burnouses, and caftans, their high saddles mounted on mincing Arab horses. There were four hundred of them, riding three abreast, and the whole detachment a most beautiful sight. Other soldiers in khaki were making an infantry attack, crawling along and shooting. This interested us also, because we had been told that military customs of this sort had gone out since the Great War.

Colonel Powell, with his wife and daughter,



TIMGAD

joined us at Timgad for dinner. This region seemed to be infested with writers, for Robert Hichens, the author of 'The Garden of Allah,' had been at Biskra for a month, and so had the author of 'The Sheik.'

Timgad has the largest excavations in North Africa. Like Volubilis in Morocco and like El-Djem, and other ancient Roman towns, it was built in the midst of a fertile plain, with watch-towers upon the neighboring mountains to keep guard over the inhabitants. The Berbers and Arabs, as well as the Romans, have helped in the past to destroy this city rather thoroughly.

Timgad was founded by Trajan at the end of the first century, *anno Domini*, and the land was awarded by the Romans to their legionaries in return for waging a successful war in their behalf.

During the time of the Emperor Constantine many marbles were carried off to decorate the monasteries built up in the hills. As we drew near the ruins, first we saw arches, and then hundreds of broken pillars, like tree stumps in a burned forest, or like fragments of French villages after the Great War. The proprietor of the Tim-

gad hotel, who had lived there many years, accompanied us as we rambled over the place, and explained things most intelligently. Few houses had been restored, and yet one could get a very good idea of what the place looked like. We could visualize the straight paved streets, the covered arches on either side, the stone windows with six openings, over which they stretched translucent vellum, and the inner courts with fountains, around which the rooms were built.

Some of the largest houses had heating arrangements, a fire and a passageway of bricks leading into the house, a device somewhat like one which we had seen used in China in recent years. The Roman baths were like large casinos, with swimming-pools, and a room where steam baths were given, and other apartments for massage and for retiring. At the left of the main street was the library, with the name of the donor inscribed on a tablet.

Farther on was the great forum, where orators under the open air held forth to the populace, and where laws were promulgated. Around the walk which encircled it were devices cut in the stone for the playing of games of chance, and you could

imagine old Romans in their togas gambling or wandering about. Beyond was the open-air theatre, quite perfect, with seats for distinguished guests down below, and, for the proletariat, seats higher up. Entrances were provided at either side, and places for the prompter, and the musicians. There was an adequate stage and a foyer. The actors' dressing-rooms were in what we should call 'nigger heaven.'

Upon the town's highest elevation was built the Temple of Victory. It must have been a gem with its twenty-two huge pillars, of which, alas, only two are left standing to tell the tale, but the others, with exquisitely carved capitals, are to be seen lying along the ground. In this place human sacrifices were offered up. Since the war, excavations have been abandoned, owing to lack of money. Beautiful mosaics, half hidden in the dirt, lay under our feet, but the baptistery, an exquisite, small, covered temple, was completely visible, with all its rare mosaic work.

We ended our rambles at the market-place where vegetable stalls could be seen, and the huge arch under which so many chariot wheels must have passed. The grooves in the stone pavement

are still clearly noticeable. Beneath the stars we wandered through the place again and found it bathed in mystery, while visions of olden days came before our eyes.

The small museum was filled with mosaics and coins and statues. We should have liked to stay there for days, but our time was short, and after dinner we motored back beneath the flooding moonlight to Batna, where the storks on the church steeple opposite welcomed us.

We reached Algiers in time for Easter Monday, a beautiful day to be there. Ramadan was over for the Mohammedans, and Easter Monday was a great holiday for the Catholics. The Bois de Boulogne was filled with picnic parties. Whole families and their friends got together, each contributing something to the feast, and there they spent the day, with games and laughter, dancing and singing and music. Judging from their shouts of amusement, the kissing games were very popular among the young people. Children slept in their mothers' arms, fathers wandered about with a knife, a hunk of bread, a piece of cold chicken, or a bottle of wine in their hands. Such a gay happy time they all seemed to be having — Spaniards,



TEMPLE OF VICTORY, TIMGAD

Italians, Sicilians, French, Maltese, and here and there revellers with more than a tinge of native blood, where a family had lived here for many years.

During our absence, the view from the Saint George seemed to have grown even more lovely. The garden beneath our balcony had blossomed more richly, the wisteria had come out, pansies multiplied, Easter lilies bloomed in huge beds, with quantities of dark purple cineraria and borders of freesia. Large-leaved plants made delightful bowers of color and shade.

We took M. Baptiste, our agreeable courier, with us, said farewell to the other friends we had made, and boarded the Transatlantic boat, to sail away from the Barbary coast, dreaming of the days when corsairs dotted these seas with their marauding ships. Across the Mediterranean ploughed our steamer, and we left behind us the wonders of North Africa, the melting-pot of many peoples, with its ivory cities, its mosques and souks, its superb ruins, and the snowy Atlas Mountains. The great Sahara, with its mysterious, silvery, marching sands, perhaps was never to be seen again, but surely, never to be forgotten.



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FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN

By Isabel
Anderson



